



# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1767

MARCH 17, 1906

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THE appeal of Bodley's Librarian for £1700 to complete the purchase of the Turbutt Shakespeare is one that Oxford men must not allow to pass unsatisfied; and here *bis dat qui cito dat*, for on March 31 the chance is gone and the book sails for America, unless a total of £3000 is forthcoming. A full account of the volume and its history may be found in the ACADEMY of July 15 last, or in the illustrated monograph which Bodley's Librarian will send on demand to any one "who might possibly make a contribution of importance."

It is not a case of securing an unique book for the Bodleian, but of restoring to the Bodleian a book that once belonged to it. "But the Bodleian got rid of it." True; but two and a half centuries ago, before it came to be of value. Now help is asked to buy it back again, and the appeal is one that should be supported, first and foremost by those who owe what some of us owe to the Bodleian; and then by all English people who wish to keep English treasures in England. No help is asked of the Government—rightly or not we are not concerned to say; but a subscription list has been opened at Messrs. Barclay's Old Bank, Oxford, and we would urge on all Oxford men the duty of sending what they can, however little. We may mention that £3000 is not the sum fixed by Mr. Turbutt; it is the sum he has been offered—and is perfectly justified in accepting; though it is true that Mr. Edmund Gosse wants to know (merely in the Rosa Dartle manner, of course) who it is that has offered it.

The poverty of the Bodleian is a standing but a genuine cause of complaint. All Souls College, in stating that it will contribute this year £1000, issues a warning that it "may not always be possible for us to keep an annual contribution up to this level." And munificence alone has enabled the Curators to do the valuable work now in progress in preserving the pictures in its picture-gallery. Will no millionaire be so obliging as to die and leave his fortune to the Bodleian?

"Venus—At Home" was the title commonly given to the reception held last Tuesday at the New Gallery by the National Art Collections Fund. The Rokeby lady was there—and it was a full-dress occasion. Now she has been handed over to the Nation: she ought to have been taken to Trafalgar Square in a kind of Cimabue procession; with Lord Balcarras and his coadjutors in the van and in the rear a corps of American millionaires with Stars-and-Stripes reversed. Amid the general pæan there would have been one voice—not so much dissentient as interrogatory—the voice, again, of Mr. Edmund Gosse, asking, with complete justification, who? why? what? Meanwhile there is a rumour that the "Nelson Memorandum" sold to Mr.

Sabin at Christie's on Wednesday will go to America, unless the Trustees of the British Museum will give him the £3600 he paid for it.

After nearly three centuries of existence in one spot the Old Central Library, King Street, Bristol, is now passing to a more palatial home in the new building next to the Cathedral, the splendid gift of an omnivorous reader—the late Vincent Stuckey Lean, who bequeathed £50,000 to the City for that purpose. In the year 1613 Mr. Robert Redwood, a wealthy citizen, gave his "lodge near the Marsh" for a library for the citizens. One of the first to supplement his generous gift was an old Bristolian, Dr. Tobias Matthew, Archbishop of York.

With varying fortunes the library survived the storm and stress of the Stuart and Puritan times until 1773, when an important event occurred in its history, its amalgamation with the newly started Library Society, the first of whose patrons was Edmund Burke; he gave twenty guineas to its funds and next year was elected to represent "the second city in the kingdom." Nearly a quarter of a century later two young men were to be seen almost daily ascending the old oak staircase (still existing) to slake their thirst for knowledge—S. T. Coleridge and Robert Southey. The unique registers are still carefully preserved wherein are recorded the books they borrowed and signed for in their own autograph.

There, too, at a later period came their friend Humphry Davy the chemist, who arrived in 1798 to superintend the Pneumatic Institution at the Hotwells, founded by the celebrated Dr. Beddoes; whilst Joseph Cottle, the publisher of the "Lyrical Ballads," John Tobin of "Honeymoon" fame, and Richard Champion, the Bristol potter, were also borrowers. So, too, was Landor, a tangible proof of whose constant borrowing exists in a copy of his "Pericles and Aspasia" bearing the inscription in his autograph that it was presented to the Library by reason of the courtesy shown him. Maria Edgeworth, who lived in Clifton during the closing years of the eighteenth century, mentions in one of her letters that her father has been making use of the Library.

We have before us as good a specimen of library cataloguing, on a comparatively small scale, as we have ever seen—the catalogue of the books in the lending library of the public library at Gravesend, compiled by the Librarian, Mr. Alex. J. Philip. The library is composed of between six and seven thousand volumes, and the printed catalogue runs to about a hundred and thirty pages. It is at once an index of authors and titles and a subject index, and having tested it in various ways we are able to pronounce it admirably lucid, helpful and accurate. In certain cases brief descriptive notes of books with obscure and misleading titles are given—a very useful plan, which, we gather, would have been followed more completely had space and cost permitted. Under certain authors (e.g., Shakespeare) we find a list of the books about him and his works, preceding the list of his own writings. A reader of ordinary intelligence who had only a hazy idea of what he wanted, or had no idea at all, could tell at a glance what there was in the library on his subject, or what was the particular book he required; and the whole catalogue speaks highly for the thoroughness and ardour which characterise the work of borough librarians.

There is incontrovertible evidence that the centralisation of public libraries, which was first mooted some years ago, is nearing either its realisation, or its rejection for many years to come. The matter is the subject of the next meeting of the Library Association, and, no doubt, this will result in

some definite action for legislation; in fact, an omnibus library bill is already foreshadowed. The proposal, which is very ably sketched out in a *brochure* before us ("Library Grouping," by Lawrence Inkster, Borough Librarian of Battersea, published by the Aberdeen University Press), suggests that the County Councils shall be the library authorities for villages and the rural districts, while the control of the whole of the libraries of London would be centred in the London County Council. The writer draws attention to the many and vexatious anomalies existing in London, to the large rural districts in the counties where books are rare, and to the want of co-operation with the schools. But he is scarcely fair when he states that "the place of the public library in the system of national education . . . is not yet recognised even by those who are directly interested." What is required to promote efficient combination with the educational system is not one administrative authority for both schools and libraries, although County Councils might well be the representative authorities, but the alteration of the Education Act making it possible for Education Committees to contribute to the funds of public libraries for the purpose of school libraries without acquiring exclusive property in any of the books. It must not be forgotten that the public library cannot become a school adjunct and still fulfil its mission, which, although we agree with the writer in describing it as primarily an educational one, is not only that but much more.

Copyrights will expire, we know, and in these days of eager reprinting it is natural and creditable that all haste should be made in reproducing good books. But we cannot commend the reproduction of inferior versions of books that are still easily accessible, and in a particular case under our notice we are strongly of opinion that the issue of a reprint will not redound to the credit of the publisher. We have before us a reprint of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of English lyrics*. The first edition of that work was published in 1861; Palgrave himself lived to bring out the second edition in 1891, and the book was again revised and enlarged in 1904. The publisher of the reprint before us had to go back to the edition of 1861. He had the sense to engage a clever editor to do the work for him; and the volume contains a well-chosen selection from the works of poets who were living when Palgrave made his compilation. But what is the total result?

We have examined the first two "Books" in each volume, and find that the *Golden Treasury*, 1904, contains no less than thirty-five numbers that do not appear in the reprint; while the reprint contains eighteen that are not in the *Golden Treasury*, 1904. So that, even on numerical strength, the older publication is the better in just that portion of our literature where lyrics are less easily accessible. We can all read the songs of Rossetti, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold in our Rossetti, our Tennyson, or our Arnold. It is less easy to get at Elizabethans and Carolines.

In point of quality there can be no comparison. The editor of the reprint has given in the first part of an Appendix some few poems not known in 1861, or for some reason not included, and his Books I. and II. contain things that were omitted from later editions of the *Golden Treasury*. Thus, under one heading or another, we have Spenser's *Epithalamion*, Constable's *Diaphenia*, Bacon's "The world's a bubble," and other good things. But there is nothing among them all to compare with the poems which the *Golden Treasury*, 1904, includes and the reprint does not: the Vaughans, the Marvell's, Waller's "Go, lovely rose"; Cowley's "Death of Mr. William Hervey"; Greene's "Weep not, my wanton"; Lodge's "Rosalind's Madrigall"; Herrick's "Corinna's Maying," and, best of all, Ariel's song, and "Come unto these yellow sands," from *The Tempest*. The

reprint lacks, too, Palgrave's preface, notes, and list of authors. From every point of view it is inferior to its original. From no point of view is it the kind of publication which we should have expected or can welcome from those responsible for it.

It was not (as we shrewdly suspected) Mr. A. E. W. Mason, of Coventry, who asked the question in the House about Mr. William Le Queux's new story. There were obvious reasons why Mr. Mason's mouth should be closed on such a topic; but it was (we are glad to see) another man of letters, though not a novelist, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, who took upon himself at the earliest possible moment a delicate and unpleasant duty. It is upon men of letters, artists, and other apostles of agreement between nations that the duty falls first and foremost of doing all in their power to check the production of inflammatory material; and we are happy in having in so high a place so ardent a supporter of peace as the member of Parliament who will call attention to a story which he has not yet read.

Our sympathies and convictions are entirely on the side, in this matter, of Mr. Lehmann and the Prime Minister. We should be glad to see strong measures taken to repress the publication of jingoistic stories about wars and battles, which, instead of gloating over, we should shrink from with horror. The good sense and good taste of British people, to which the Premier looks for relief, are agents that, as yet, have not proved their efficiency. But, of course, all this may have nothing to do with Mr. Le Queux and his story. We have not read it, and are quite prepared to hear that the Peace Society has secured the rights of bringing it out in pamphlet form.

We have discovered in a (foreign) publisher's "puff" of a forthcoming book a new version of *cacoethes scribendi*. The power of the attack on the Conventionalism of the Church, we read, will "make the pens of opponents itch." The pen we are writing with scratches, but —

Gravesend appears to be on the verge of an interesting Dickens discovery. In the little village of Chalk, some two miles distant, on the main road to Rochester, lies the house in which, in 1836, Dickens spent his honeymoon. On the authority of Laman Blanchard, who, at the time of Dickens's residence at Gadshill, was stopping at Rosherville, on the other side of Gravesend, Kitton in "Dickens Country" gives an illustration of a comparatively large house, known as "The Manor House," at the corner of Thong Lane, on the south side of the main road, which, he says, is the one at which the novelist stopped. Blanchard is quite clear upon the subject. "Here," he says, "the brisk walk of Charles Dickens was always slackened, and he never failed to glance meditatively for a few moments at the window of a corner house on the southern side of the road. . . . It was in that house he lived immediately after his marriage, and there many of the earlier chapters of *Pickwick* were written."

It appears, however, that the house in question was at that time, in the occupation of a well-to-do French surgeon, M. Lereaux, who was not under any necessity of "taking in" boarders, and who had, besides, several daughters. Perhaps the most conclusive proof, however, is that, in the memory of several of the inhabitants of Chalk, a newly married couple spent their honeymoon at a cottage on the northern side of the road in April 1836, the exact date at which Dickens spent his honeymoon there. A further piece of circumstantial evidence, if possible more convincing still, is that the then landlady of the old-fashioned cottage was named Craddock, and Mr. *Pickwick*, when visiting Bath, lodged with a woman of the same name.



It is announced that Mr. Granville Bantock has undertaken to write for the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival a choral work, the subject of which is FitzGerald's Omar. We wish that he had not. Not that we doubt his making a very beautiful piece of music, but because FitzGerald's work has its own rhythms which sing themselves in the mind; and it will be inevitable that, once the music has been heard, the recollection of it will come between the mind and the rhythms of the poetry. Already there are parts of the poem which we cannot say over to ourselves without the intrusion of a tune. A "song-cycle" has been made of it; and now whenever we think, for instance, of "O Moon of my delight," we catch ourselves putting it thus: "Ooooo Mooon of my-y-y-y delight that knooo-owst no wane"—in the rhythms not of the poem, but of the music.

Happy are those who do not "get tunes in their heads" and can hear music and forget it. Some of us cannot, and for that reason would rather avoid even such beautiful things as Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest pair of Sirens" and Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." There are very few settings of poetry to music, which, like the popular versions of Herrick's "To Anthea," and some old hymns, notably "O God, our help in ages past," preserve almost exactly the rhythms and inflections of the poem. And while lovers of music may rejoice, lovers of poetry are sad when the musician comes between them and the more delicate art of the poet.

All the Heine stories are recalled by the public commemoration, in Paris, of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. The most pathetic is that of his meeting with Augustin Thierry at a time when the historian was blind and the poet, on his "mattress grave," was nearly paralysed. "In order that he might the better converse with Heine," says M. Jules Claretie, who had the details from an eye-witness, "the great historian of ancient France bent over him without seeing him, while Heine, in order that he might be able to see Thierry, lifted a fallen eyelid with an emaciated finger."

Heine was so bad a German that the proposal to erect a monument to him in Germany was, quite lately, forbidden by the Government. He had called himself "a liberated Prussian," and had spoken of Prussia as "the Tartuffe of nations," and that sufficed to get him put on the black list. What the Emperor William would not do, however, was done by the late Empress of Austria, by birth a Bavarian. In her splendid castle at Corfu a statue of Heine stands, overlooking the sea of which he sang so magnificently.

Though Heine loved France, his adopted country gave him a very bad wife in Mathilde Mirat, a typical Parisian *grisette*. A single *trait* suffices to depict that lady. Her husband, suffering agonies of pain, expressed the wish that he might die. "No, no, Henri," she pleaded, "you must not do that; you must not die. Only this morning my sweet parrot died, and if you were to die too I could not bear it." Heine himself used to tell the story. "You see," he said, "I have continued to live in obedience to orders. One must when so good a reason is given."

We have not yet read *The Faithless Favourite, a mixed Tragedy*, by Mr. Edwin Sauter, of which a copy has been sent to us by the author from Saint Louis, U.S.A.; but two things in what looks like either a very original or a very imitative volume have interested us. One is the very amusing "Catalogue of Flaws and Objections; or a handy syllabus for Zoilus," which he appends to his play. Here we find no less than 102 objections, set out in columns: we cull one or two: "The ha-ha-has are probably the most intelligible parts of the dialogue"; "The author . . . knows nothing of drama"; "He knows

nothing of poetry"; "He knows nothing of history"; "Anile decrepitude"; "He might at least have ended happily—by stopping at the first scene!" This is much better than the usual apologetic preface: it must make the critics silent through sheer envy of the author's own destructive power. The other notable point in the book is the little bundle of "Schediasm." How many people could say, without looking at their Liddell and Scott what "Schediasm" is? It means—and we write with no desire to appear superior persons—"things written off-hand."

On Thursday, April 5, at 9 P.M., and Saturday, April 7, at 3.30 P.M., the New Stage Club will give, at the Bijou Theatre, Victoria Hall, Archer Street, Bayswater, performances of Villiers de L'Isle Adam's *La Révolte* (an English translation by Lady Barclay, published by Messrs. Duckworth) and *The Fool of the World*, a new Morality play by Mr. Arthur Symons. *La Révolte* is a play we have long been anxious to see acted. It was written in 1870, nine years before Ibsen's *The Doll's House*, and bears a strong resemblance to it. This was the play that contained a scene during which the clock struck all the hours and half-hours between one and four in the morning. Tickets may be obtained at the Box Office, Bijou Hall.

A suggestion was made in our columns some time ago to the effect that interpretive readings from the poets with illustrations and comments would be much better for an appreciative public than mere lectures upon them. We are able to announce that an experiment in this direction will be made by Professor Knight, who will give "Readings from Browning" in the Chelsea Town Hall on Monday next at three o'clock, and from Tennyson on Friday, March 23, at the same place. Tickets from Messrs. Truslove and Hanson, Sloane Street, or at the door.

At the last council meeting of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers the following were elected Associates: S. Nicholson Babb, Paul W. Bartlett, W. L. Bruckman, A. S. Hartrick, Raven Hill, Sir Charles Holroyd, Gaston Latouche, Louis Legrand, Bertram Mackennel, A. D. Peppercorn, R. F. Wells, and I. Zuloaga. Mr. Timothy Cole was elected an honorary member.

The Musical Association.—The fifth meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 20, at the King's Hall, Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, Conduit Street, W., when a paper will be read by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A., on "German Hymnody, from the Twelfth Century to the middle of the Seventeenth."

Royal Meteorological Society.—An ordinary meeting will be held at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, March 21, at 7.30 P.M., when a lecture will be delivered on "South Africa as seen by a Meteorologist," by Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc., illustrated by slides from photographs taken during the tour of the British Association in 1905.

Royal Microscopical Society.—The next meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 21st inst, at eight P.M., when the following papers will be read: Mr. C. F. Rousselet, "A Contribution to our Knowledge of the Rotifera of South Africa"; Mr. E. M. Nelson, "On the Resolving Limits for the Telescope and the Microscope."

Royal Statistical Society.—The fifth ordinary meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 20, at 5 P.M., at the Society's rooms, 9 Adelphi Terrace, Strand. Paper to be read: "Statistics of Population and Pauperism in England and Wales, 1861-1901," by Professor C. S. Loch.

Royal Geographical Society.—Evening meeting, Monday, March 19, 8.30 P.M., at the Theatre, Burlington Gardens. Paper to be read: "The Economic Geography of Australia," by Professor J. W. Gregory, F.R.S.

## LITERATURE

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*The Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By G. LE GRYS NORGATE.  
(Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

It might be thought that a new Life of Sir Walter Scott was superfluous, but that written by Mr. Le Grys Norgate has a special feature which will render it of value to readers of the great novelist. The book might be described, in a phrase, as a collection of literary gossip about Sir Walter Scott. Opinions, no doubt, will differ as to its value, because the process of creation in the mind of the imaginative writer is one not clearly understood. The material on which a romancer works is the experience garnered by himself in the course of a life-time. Out of nothing, nothing is or can be made, but only the very poorest of the tribe attempt to paint their characters direct from Nature, that is, to make photographic copies of people they have known. The creation of a man like Dandie Dinmont, for instance, must be the result of much observation of the class to which he belongs. In his wanderings in search of material for his Border Minstrelsy, Scott was continually meeting such characters, and out of the features of many of them was constructed the sturdy Dandie. In the course of his narrative Mr. Norgate makes many references to characters in the Scott novels wherein the author seems to have portrayed himself. All those romantic and slightly moony youths with a dislike for practical affairs, a love of literature and a knack of turning verses, were, no doubt, drawn from one side of his character. He was to some extent, Waverley, and Alan Fairford; he was also Colonel Mannering. As Hogg said, the last was "just Walter Scott painted by himself." We are told with equal truth that he was Jonathan Oldbuck in "The Antiquary," but, as Mr. Norgate points out, Jonathan was also the "old friend of my youth," George Constable. Lockhart, however, held that here Scott was the half-conscious delineator of himself, and no one was in a better position to judge. Of course, such guess-work is futile. Sir Walter picked up a hint here and a hint there, and to complete his picture, working with the unconsciousness of the highest art, wove into his tissue such personal traits of his own as were suitable to complete the individuality. If we take the well-known character of Edie Ochiltree in the same novel, it may be quite true that the germ of the character was Andrew Gemmels, the splendid old military-looking beggar with whom Scott had often conversed in his youth, but it could only have been a germ. The filling-out and development of the gaberlunzie was due to the novelist's imaginative genius alone. In the same way the gypsy, Meg Merrilies, could only have been vaguely suggested by Jean Gordon, "the gigantic gypsy-queen who was ducked to death as a Jacobite at Carlisle by the mob, crying, 'Charlie yet!' with her last breath." The very incident itself shows that the character of Meg as it is developed in "Guy Mannering" must have been very different indeed from that of Jean Gordon. If it were desirable to carry the proof further, it would be an easy thing to do so by reference to the historical novels, where Scott had nothing but his reading to depend upon. Here, by the bye, our author's criticism is singularly weak. It is a matter of no consequence whatever that the Richard Cœur-de-Lion of "Ivanhoe" is not the historical Richard King of England. He is an authentic human being, and as such has a more vital existence in our minds than the actual personage who, even to the historical student, is little more than a name, or at any rate is like one of those vague figures seen in a distant landscape.

We do not know to what nationality Mr. Norgate belongs, but whatever be his place of birth he is patriotically, or rather provincially, Scottish in his predilections and will have it that Sir Walter Scott is never at his

best except when depicting the scenery and characters of his native land. We do not think that this is so. Scott's strength as a novelist did not lie in his local colour, exquisitely as he uses it, but in a knowledge of human life that was as extensive, though not so profound, as Shakespeare's. Wherever he may locate his romance we always find that the characters in it are recognisable human beings with their weaknesses as well as their strength. Mr. Norgate is not quite just to "Ivanhoe."

If an Englishman naturally places *Ivanhoe* in the first rank, it is because he gets more pleasure from its perusal. The Scottish dialect, the Scottish character, must always present some difficulty to him, and obstruct that perfect sympathy and ease of apprehension necessary to full enjoyment in reading. Again, Scott had not that intimate acquaintance with and keen perception of the remote past of England that he had of the remote past of Scotland. Thus his touch is uncertain and his pictures vague and superficial. In a word *Ivanhoe* is a rollicking good story, but it is little more, and all modern critics will agree with Lockhart that as a work of genius it is inferior to *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and *The Heart of Midlothian*.

Those of us who remember our first reading of the famous encounter in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch and the inimitable scenes between King Richard and the hermit will not readily endorse this opinion. The truth is that "Ivanhoe" is the most perfect of the romances that Scott wrote, and yet, like almost every other work of his, it is to some extent spoilt by haste. Athelstan, the hero himself, Rowena, and even Cedric the Saxon are too little individualised, while the Templar and the other knights of the period lean to the side of the melodramatic. But in the best of his Scottish novels similar faults are to be found. In "Guy Mannering" we see Dirk Hatteraick, Glossop, the Gypsy and several other characters that are not well and truly drawn. In "The Heart of Midlothian" Madge Wildfire and her mother, Effie Deans and her lover, lack the vividness with which Jeannie Deans and the Laird of Dumbiedykes are thrown on the canvas. In "The Antiquary" Oldbuck himself and Edie Ochiltree are rendered inimitably, but the hero Lovel is a colourless personality. The German charlatan would have done for the transpontine theatre, and there is much that is more dead than alive in the novel, which, nevertheless, is of its kind unsurpassed. In "Rob Roy" Baillie Nicol Jarvie is inimitable, and we do not agree with our author's fault-finding in regard to Rob himself; but Rashleigh is the villain of the sensational romance, and there is much in the book that might have been improved by stern revision. Mr. Norgate thinks that "Peveril of the Peak" was a failure; yet it is curious how people like to read this novel, which has bulk and space in which to wander. Many good novelists also have held that "St. Ronan's Well" was a better novel than the ordinary reader gave it credit for being.

Another feature of this book to which attention may be directed is its topography. The author seems either to have followed in Scott's footsteps or to know the country very accurately. Probably he is mistaken when he assumes that few people know Orkney and Shetland, as these islands have become very popular resorts since Scott's time. If, however, the poems and novels were to be examined under the microscope, there would be found defects in them which our author has not noticed. Scott was in the habit of drawing a landscape with broad sweeps of the brush and of neglecting detail. Nothing could be better than his rendering of the salient features of the scene of "Marmion," but it would be difficult to fight the battle over again with no other help than "Marmion"; and we say that while recognising that the description of the fight is one of the greatest battle-pieces in all literature and it has a spirit and energy that would have done no discredit to Homer. Nor do we blame Scott because he did not seek to be as accurate as a geographer. A work of fiction is a work of art, and natural scenery, like human beings, is only the suggestion on which the writer works. His business in the end is to make a world of dream and to people it with dream figures, and the final test of his excellence lies in the fidelity with which, while giving imagination rein, he holds the mirror up to nature.



## A REALIST OF THE AEGEAN

*A Realist of the Aegean.* Being a verse translation of the Mimes of Herodas. By HUGO SHARPLEY, M.A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. (Nutt.)

THE discovery of the Mimes of Herodas in an Egyptian papyrus in 1891 was a piece of good fortune hardly less than that which had just given us that ancient and valuable tract on "The Constitution of Athens" ascribed by most critics (but wrongly in our opinion) to the sage of Stagira. The mime seems to have been invented by Sophron from whom Herodas (probably 300-250 B.C.) and his slightly older contemporary, Theocritus, borrowed largely. The editors and translators of Herodas—Kenyon, Rutherford, Nairn, Headlam—speak in high terms of his genius, but we own that we find his work, in the form in which it is presented to us, decidedly second-rate. We are so much accustomed to associate Hellenic art with supreme success in everything attempted by it, that we can hardly bear to open our eyes to vulgarity and dull grossness. The mimes are as full of proverbs as Petronius and of bawdry as Aristophanes, but are unredeemed by the light touch of the Roman and the Athenian. The sixth mime is as dull as it is foul, and is hardly made palatable by a bit of clever realism at the beginning and another at the end. It takes the form—which seems to have been conventional when two housewives met—of detailing and bewailing the shortcomings of servants, and threatening them with punishment:

KORITTO.

Pray sit down, Metro. [To the servant] Now then, up you spring. And put a chair for the lady! Everything I've got to tell you: nothing will you do Of your own self, you good-for-nothing, you! You're not a slave, you're just a stone about The house; but, mind you, when the corn's dealt out, You count each crumb, and if but that much tumbles, Such a commotion all day long, such grumbles, The very walls can't stand it! Now, look there! You needs must scrub and polish up that chair Now when it's wanted, robber! You may bless This lady; but for her being here I'd dress You down most soundly!

METRO.

Ah, then you appear To be in the boat with me, Koritto dear, I grind my teeth all day and night, like you, At these vile creatures, aye and bark at 'em too Like any dog. Now for my special mission— Outside, you pests, you models of discretion— Ears and tongues only, all else holiday.

And at the end:

KORITTO.

Fasten the door securely, You poultry girl, and count the fowls up quick, To see we have not lost a single chick Throw them some corn. The bird-stealer will clap Hands on 'em though you nurse 'em in your lap.

The above extracts afford an average sample of the work of the poet and his translator, who is correct and literal, but by no means easy or fluent. The fact is, the mimes are not yet in a fit state for the exercise of the translator's art. The absence of *Scholía* is deeply felt in a work of this kind. In the extraordinary *ύγεια* passage (iv. fin.) it would be hard indeed to find this in the Greek:—

Please, just a little of the "healthy bread"! I'd always rather have a taste of it, Than get my proper portion. Just a bit!

In spite of some evidences of favourable appreciation by the ancient world, may we not venture to say that Herodas is but second-rate? Compare the conventional mistress-and-servant passage in the beginning of the Theocritean *Adoniazusae*, and observe the subtler characterisation of the elder poet, not to mention the superiority of the noble Doric hexameters over the creaking Ionic scazons disfigured in every line by prodelision and synizesis and crasis. We learn from Aristophanes that there were poetasters in his time, and a recent discovery of a dithyramb by Timotheus of

Miletus (which appears to have formed part of a *libretto*) shows us that Hellas had not only her Alfred Tennysons but her Alfred Buns. Timotheus calls oars "the long-necked hilly feet of the ship," that is "the long instruments of wood (growing on hills) which serve as means of motion to the ship." Jebb in the introduction to his Bacchylides translates part of this nome (the *Persae*), in which a drowning Persian upbraids the sea:—

Bold as thou art, ere now hadst thou thy boisterous throat bound fast in hempen bonds [alluding to the bridge over the Hellespont]. And now my king—aye mine—will plough thee with hill-born pines, and will encompass thy navigable plains with his far-roaming rays [i.e., the Persian king's power, radiant as the sun, will close round the Aegean on all its coasts]. O thou frenzied thing, hated from of old, that treacherously embracest me, while the breeze sweeps o'er thy surges.

Thus Timotheus in the end of the fifth century B.C. missed the mark. He was one of those who cannot see that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones" fails to assume a dignity in

Let those in vitreous tenements who dwell  
Forbear the flinty missile to propel.

So in the beginning of the fourth century Herodas falls very short of the successful characterisation which we expect from a Greek writer. In the first mime a grass-widow, being advised by her friend to console herself with a lover in her husband's absence, declines, but dismisses her visitor with a friendly glass of wine. And was there ever a mother like Metrotime in mime iii., who takes her son to the schoolmaster to be flogged and after he has been beaten black and blue will not let him off?

KOTTALOS (the boy).

Oh! Oh! How many more? It's agony.

SCHOOLMASTER.

How many! Ask your mother, don't ask me.

KOTTALOS.

Mamma, Mamma! How many? I declare—

METROTIME.

As many as your wretched hide will bear.

The scene is undramatic, unnatural, and very disagreeable. In the same mime, l. 61, τῇ Ἀέσσω σεληναίῃ δείκοντες has never been explained. An ingenious suggestion is to read τῇ . . . σεληναίῃ, "the full moon," in the sense of *pueriles*. We now and then meet an interesting phrase or expression such as *τρικὰς ἡ περικὴ*, "Black Monday," the first day of school after vacation; *σύμποδα πεδυντα*, "dancing in fetters"; *πρόσω πιεῖσα*, "drinking deep"; *ρύγχος*, "gob" (vulgarism for *στόμα*).

The passage ii. 44, 45, is as dark as the *ύγεια crux*. Mr. Sharpley seems on the whole to be nearest to a possible sense in following Dalmeyda's rendering, "de peur que, comme dit le proverbe, on ne nous arrache à la fois cul et chemise":

[To the Usher.] And you, good sir, bung up the water-clock  
Until he's finish'd. Thales must not dock  
Poor Battaros of "his last suit of clo'es  
And what's beneath 'em," as the proverb goes.

Two good conjectures may be noticed unrecorded by (perhaps subsequent to) Mr. Nairn's edition. In iv. 47, Crusius' *πανταχὴ λίθος κείσαι* is condemned by the lack of an adversative particle, yet *ἴσ' ἐγκείσαι* will not do. Dr. Starkie's *πανταχὴ δ' εἰκὼς κείσαι* is abundantly defensible from Herodas himself; *εἰκὼς*, "a personified holiday," is a characteristic phrase for a lazy servant; *ἐορτὴ* and *ἑβδομή*, "Sunday," are used in the same way. In vii. 54, for Crusius' *ἰνηθείσας*, "emptied," Professor Beare, of Trinity College, Dublin, suggests *ἰαυθείσας*, "pleased." It is much more natural that a shopkeeper should express (whatever his real feelings might be) his desire that his lady customers should leave the shop "pleased, satisfied" (with their bargains) rather than "with empty pockets." It would be a great convenience if the number of the mime were printed at the top of the page, and this remark applies also to Mr. Nairn's edition.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

## RABELAIS

*Les Navigations de Pantagruel.* Par ABEL LEFRANC. (Paris: Librairie Henri Leclerc, 12 fr.)

*Hours with Rabelais.* Edited by F. G. STOKES. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.)

If anything were needed to prove the vitality of Rabelais's masterpiece, we might look for it in the tireless curiosity of scholars. Not even our own Shakespeare has suggested a vaster literature than the author of Gargantua. Not merely does there exist a *Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes*, which during the last few years has performed an excellent task in comment and illustration, but serious studies follow one another from the press, whose sole aim is to throw fresh light upon the works of the Master. From all this it is clear that Rabelais is still a living influence, that he tempts the scholar as he entrances the man of letters, and that he belongs as intimately to the life of France as does Shakespeare to the life of England.

Here, for instance, is Professor Abel Lefranc devoting his acute intelligence and his profound erudition to the voyages of Pantagruel, and discussing the geography of Rabelais as though it were a matter of science rather than of romance. And an intensely interesting subject it is. It will be remembered that Rabelais, following the practice of Lucian and many others, sends his hero upon more than one imaginary voyage. In this voyage there is no little satire, no lack of reflection upon men and things, and the exploits of Pantagruel may easily be assumed to represent the enterprise and discovery of the sixteenth century. As Professor Lefranc says, Rabelais "was associated with all the fluctuations of the national life. Far more than has been supposed, his work is a reflection of contemporary history." That is perfectly true. Rabelais wrote under the impulse of a sincere scorn, inspired by what he saw around him, as well as with a serene hopefulness of a re-awakened spirit and energy. As he hated the monk, so he loved the traveller, and he regarded the heroes who crossed the seas as the saviours of his country. But, when we have said so much, we have said all that need be said, and we cannot but think that Professor Lefranc, in attempting to mark out the route followed by Pantagruel and to define the goal of his voyage, is taking his author all too seriously and is confusing what is really a collection of "flim-flam" stories with a weighty geographical treatise.

A few examples will make our meaning plain. Professor Lefranc identifies *Dipsodie* with Scythia, which, by an obvious play upon the Latin word, *sitis*, may be translated as "the land of thirst." This ingenuity seems wholly alien from the method of Rabelais. He called his imaginary country *Dipsodie*, or the land of thirst, because his heroes were "noble and illustrious drinkers," to whom thirst was the first essential of life, provided only it might be satisfied. Again, Professor Lefranc is certain that Pantagruel's voyage was undertaken in search of the North-West Passage.

Thus Rabelais [says he] interested himself in the great question of polar circumnavigation; he gave it a place in his work, and this place he wished to be neither limited nor fortuitous. He adopted the periphrasis, passionately, jealously sought by the nations of Europe, and boldly made his hero realise it.

Surely this is not the spirit in which to approach the work of Rabelais? You cannot convert the author of Pantagruel into a stern historian without impairing his humour or dulling the echo of his whole-hearted laughter.

And Professor Lefranc carries this process a step further. He has no doubt whatever as to the identification of Xenomanes, who attended Pantagruel on his voyage. He was, says he, none other than Jean Fonteneau, called Alfonse le Saintongeais. Others have detected signs of Jean Bouchet in the same personage, and, if once we begin to discuss Pantagruel as a *roman à clef*, there will be no end to scholarly ingenuity. We prefer to remember the advice which Rabelais gives us in the epilogue of his second book, and to read his stories to

make ourselves merry, "as in manner of pastime he wrote them."

Rabelais, then, represents, as none other represents, the wisdom and intelligence of contemporary France. He summed up in a single work the triumph of the Renaissance over monkish superstition. The new learning was as precious to him as the discovery of new lands. As America was an unknown continent of wealth and curiosity, so Greek was an unknown continent of learning. In "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel" you may find narrated all the aspirations and enterprises of the sixteenth century. But if you attempt to search for minute resemblances and literal interpretations, you will miss the true meaning and purpose of the Rabelaisian humour. However, if Professor Lefranc is disposed now and again to push his ingenuity too far, the value of his treatise is indisputable. In every chapter there are proofs of a unique erudition and of a rare sympathy. His discussion of the fifth book is a model of wisdom, and he detects in Rabelais a striking resemblance to Sir Thomas More, which has escaped the commentators. And while we would point out our disagreement with some of the Professor's conclusions, at the same time we commend his book to all students of Rabelais with perfect confidence.

If Professor Lefranc takes the text of Rabelais too seriously, Mr. Stokes errs on the other side. He treats the author and his text with a careless lack of restraint. He has made another attempt to bowdlerise a book which must always elude the attention of puritans. Not to read Rabelais is an achievement within the reach of all. To read him in snippets is to make a pretence, which can bring us neither pleasure nor profit. You may spend as many "hours" as you like with Rabelais under the auspices of Mr. Stokes, but you will learn little or nothing of the author or his meaning from these neatly purged pages. Now, Mr. Stokes deplores the grossness, which he says "sullies much of the work of the great Frenchman." Well, if it be grossness, it is both characteristic and essential, and there is one course only to follow, if grossness you think it, and that is to leave Rabelais alone. But is it grossness? According to the arbitrary convention of to-day, perhaps it is. To a stronger age it appeared nothing of the sort, and it seems to us the last act of absurdity to judge Rabelais by the timid standard of the twentieth century. It is our amiable practice to turn our faces away from the facts of life, and to pretend that the facts do not exist. Rabelais took a more wholesome view. He neither deceived himself nor others. Moreover, what Mr. Stokes calls "grossness" was necessary to the work which he set himself to accomplish. There were certain evils in the world, which he was determined to hold up to ridicule, and he could not accomplish this task, if he restricted his vocabulary, so that he might bring it into harmony with the traditions of a young ladies' academy. But the purpose of Rabelais appears to be immaterial, in Mr. Stokes's view. He has not only corrected the manners of Rabelais, and castigated the extravagant style of Urquhart and Motteux; he has also omitted and curtailed, wherever he thought fit. We are unable to detect any guiding principle in the process. We look in vain for many famous chapters, in which we had never detected the smallest rock of offence to puritanism. Why, for instance, should the chapter be omitted, in which is described the stable at the top of the castle? Why are we told nothing of Gargantua's games? Why may all men read "how Gargantua did eat up six Pilgrims in a salad," or "how the monk was feasted by Gargantua, and of the jovial discourse they had at supper"? And why may we not be told "why monks are the biggest outcasts of the world: and wherefore some have bigger noses than others?"

There are few more famous passages in the works of Rabelais than the passage in the prologue to Book iii, in which the author indites a panegyric to the bottle:

Ennais drinking wrote, and writing drank. Aeschylus, Plutarch in his Symposiacs merit any faith, drank composing, and drinking composed. Homer never wrote fasting, and Cato never wrote till after he had drunk.



Why is all this omitted? Is it that Rabelais must be proved to the world a teetotaler as well as a prude? We know as little as we know why Mr. Stokes has industriously pruned his author's redundancies. Rabelais delighted in expansions and repetitions. Such was his temperament, such was his humour. Mr. Stokes takes another view of literature, and we conclude he is resolved that nobody else shall be bored by what bores him. But in all this he forgets Rabelais, who, after all, had some purpose and some plan in writing his book. He did not sit down to cover paper with gibberish, which might just as well be away. And a grave injustice is done to the great man's memory by the timidity of a critic who thinks he can soften the asperities of Rabelais by ruthless omissions. The masterpieces of the past are not ours to hack at as we will, and Mr. Stokes would have been wiser had he refrained his hand from the masterpiece of Rabelais. Nor was he without a warning.

If you desire to be good Pantagruelists, that is to say, to live in peace, joy, health, making yourself always merry, never trust those men that always peep out at one hole.

Those are the men whom Mr. Stokes has trusted, and we reflect with a certain pleasure that when they have finished reading his "Hours with Rabelais" they will know no more of the master than when they first took up the book.

#### A NEW MYTHOLOGY

*The Gods of Pegāna.* By Lord DUNSANY. Illustrations by S. H. SIME. (Elkin Mathews, 5s. net.)

The theme of this book is explained in the preface, which we quote entire:

There be islands in the Central Sea, whose waters are bounded by no shore and where no ships come—this is the faith of their people.

Lord Dunsany's original mythology is purely artistic in its aim. It must not be read as philosophy, for it does not seek to explain anything; it is not Utopian, for it contains no theory or practical suggestion; and it is unlike a fable, because it has no moral. Its structural ideas are formed deductively rather than derivatively: that is to say, they are the outcome not so much of an acquaintance with previous mythologies and theologies, as of an understanding of the human mind and an appreciation of the effect which certain unexplained phenomena have on many races of mankind at an early stage of civilisation. The author has placed himself in the position of one of these early thinkers, men who were seekers, not after God, nor, had they been analytical enough to realise it, after a reasonable explanation of the mysteries, but after some tale of beauty, whose constant repetition might make it easier for men to feel reconciled to the scheme of things. For everyday facts and ever-present conditions, which in their nakedness seemed cruel or meaningless, they invented mystical causes and marvellous origins; so that the natural fear and repulsion which many of the facts of life inspired might be partly overcome by the romantic charm of their explanations. Lord Dunsany's work, then, is infinitely more archaic in its essence than the "Contes Drolatiques," the "Imaginary Conversations," or the work of the modern German polyphonic revivalists in church music. On that account it is interesting. It is also remarkable intrinsically for simple and beautiful language, effective imagery and the poetical invention of the "belle menzogne," with here and there a spice of the most good-humoured satire. Schoolmasters might consider us dangerous reactionaries if we were to suggest that this would be a good book to read aloud to children: but be this as it may, great pleasure can be derived from its perusal by a grown man, who will read it as a little child, forgetful of Zeus, Odin and Jehovah, letting his fancy be stirred by the story of the elemental beings who compose the hierarchy of Pegāna, the dwelling-place of the gods.

Of these the chief is Mana-Yood-Sushai, who is inactive

and hears no prayers; for, having made the small gods and the worlds, he rested and fell asleep. Before his feet sits Skarl, beating upon his drum; and if Skarl should cease to drum, then would Mana awake, and the worlds and gods which he had made would be no more. Among the gods of Pegāna it was Kib who created Life, and Mung who out of jealousy created Death. So the gods are still playing their game with Suns and Worlds and Men and Life and Death. Of the sayings of Kib the giver of Life, we must report the first and the last:

Kib said: I am Kib. I am none other than Kib. . . . Because this is written, believe! For is it not written, or are you greater than Kib? Kib is Kib.

This we may regard for the moment as the boast of Life, and set against it one of the sayings of Mung:

Mung said: Many turnings hath the road that Kib hath given every man to tread upon the Earth. Behind one of these turnings sitteth Mung.

One of the most sympathetic of the minor deities in Pegāna is the god of Mirth and Melodious Minstrels, who finds that the ways of the gods with men are strange and cannot understand them. He sent jests and a little mirth into the worlds. He bids men dance with him on clear nights or offer up a jest to him, but not to pray to him in their sorrow, for sorrow, although "it may be very clever of the gods," he does not understand.

There are many other gods in Pegāna, but it is time now to glance briefly at the second half of the book, which tells of the doings of certain mortals. Of these the most interesting are the various prophets which were upon the earth. Yonath, the first prophet, would not tell the people what they wanted to hear, as his gospel was: "Seek not to know." After his death men still desired knowledge, so they said to Yug:

Be thou our prophet, and know all things, and tell us concerning the wherefore of It All.

And Yug said: "I know all things." And men were pleased. And Yug said of the Beginning that it was in Yug's own garden, and of the End that it was in the sight of Yug.

And men forgot Yonath.

But the fate of this prophet was like that of many of his successors. He saw Mung making the sign of Mung, and became among the Things that Were. One among the prophets is remarkable because, instead of praying and expounding in the usual manner, he built a tower, on the top of which he used to curse Mung every day. But Mung revenged himself by refusing to make his Sign against him, and still from a heap of bones at the foot of a ruined tower goes up the voice of the prophet crying in the wind for the mercy of Mung. Another prophet, the greatest that had yet existed, dared to speak of death to the King, with the result which may be imagined. "And there arose prophets in Aradec who spoke not of death to Kings."

A word must be said for the excellent grotesques of Mr. S. H. Sime, who has entered admirably into the spirit of the text. We like especially the picture of "Slid, whose soul is in the sea" and that of the "Thing that is neither god nor beast."

#### THE FIGHTER

WHEN from the ranks of battle I drop out  
Into the dark and silence, shall I rest  
In placid cold oblivion, or my breast  
Yearn for the exultation of hot strife,  
And my lips long to give the rallying shout  
Among the shades for one last desperate bout  
With the o'erwhelming force that ruthless life—  
The unconquerable, beloved antagonist—  
Doth range against all men who dare resist  
His iron law, and flaunt the rebel crest?

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## THE NOVEL OF MANNERS

So far as I am aware, the phrase at the head of this article was first used by Gibbon to describe the work of Henry Fielding. It has never come into general use as part of the critic's outfit, and yet is so descriptive of a certain class of novel that it would be a pity to let it slip out of the language. Apart from all that, a question that must often have suggested itself to the minds of those who think about the development of English literature is to what extent the novel of manners has been of recent years neglected. But first let us try to come to a clear understanding of what is meant by the term. In a sense, the phrase might be applied to all works of fiction, because it is simply impossible to tell a story without in one way or another indicating the manners and customs of those who are the actors in it. In a very broad sense, Richardson as well as Fielding wrote the novel of manners, and yet the name, properly speaking, is not applicable to his work. He did not rest his chief interest on manners, but on the problems that arise out of the play and interplay of emotions in the female heart. As we talk of the problem play, so we may also talk of the problem novel. Far be it from me to say which is the higher form of art. We know, however, that Richardson suited the French taste, and that many novels were written on the same principles that had guided his composition. On the other hand, Fielding took a broader, and perhaps a sunnier view of the task that lay before him. As he was never tired of telling his readers, his desire was to paint human nature as he saw it. No doubt, problems were bound to arise and be discussed in his work too. Human nature is so constituted that, whenever it is given free play, the emotions and passions, the ambitions and pursuits of different people will bring them into positions out of which character and intellect have to find an outlet. Such a puzzle is presented when Tom Jones is placed in this dilemma—that he must either forsake Sophia Western or, as he thinks, play a dastardly part to the gamekeeper's daughter. A French writer, especially one of the modern school, could easily have elaborated this situation, touched up the girl's character, introduced complications, and emphasised the sacrifice of Sophia Western. We all remember the solution, more laughable than delicate, which Fielding found for the difficulty. It was not his way to linger over a dilemma of this kind; he brushed it aside as small troubles disappear under the influence of a breezy, sunshiny day in spring. The career of Tom Jones is one in which fate plays a very great part. He is giddy and thoughtless, it is true, but the wind of ill-fortune seems to drift him hither and thither. That we believe to be more true to life than the formation of a problem that has to be rightly or wrongly solved by the chief actor in the novel.

For a long time the Fielding tradition was the dominant one in the world of English fiction. It gave a cue to Sir Walter Scott, to Dickens, to George Eliot, to Thackeray, to every one who aimed at writing in the grand style. But when the last of these great writers had passed away, a new spirit seemed to take possession of their successors. Perhaps the most influential of modern writers was George Eliot, each of whose works came to be a kind of treatise on a question of the day. Charles Reade carried the practice a good deal further and made of each of his novels an avowed sermon. Anthony Trollope, on the other hand, followed much more closely in the footsteps of him who has been rightly called the father of the English novel, but he scarcely had power enough to gain the position in which he would have wielded a great influence. Just after he had passed his meridian the cloak and rapier school took possession of the field and for a long time we were deluged with romances, formed more or less on the model of "The Three Musketeers." Attention to character was altogether

neglected. It was sufficient to have an amiable Quentin Durward sort of a hero and a heroine sufficiently attractive to interest the reader. Add a duel or two, plenty of desperate adventures and a few delicate situations, and there was the novel or romance. Many thousands of them were printed between the years 1880 and 1900. Of course, they formed as well as fed the public taste, with the result that scarcely any recent writer has evolved a character that lives on its own account. We have had in galore sex problems set before us, problems of wealth and poverty, problems of town and country, problems of simple and complicated life, and problems of morality. But the intentness of the writers on bringing about the crucial situation that is meant to illustrate the doctrine they advance seems to prevent them from giving that tranquil and urbane presentation of character that the elder novelists delighted in. It seems to me, too, to militate against the quality of their work. It is a commonplace to say that the novel of to-day will not stand a second reading. It generally has a fairly interesting fable, as the critics called the plot, and one or two telling situations, but at a single glance one gets out of it everything that can be got. Librarians say that even a popular work of fiction has a life that can be measured by months. It is quite otherwise with those novels in which character and manners are really studied. One may pant through them hurriedly the first time for the sake of the story they contain (and there is no reason whatever why the novel of manners should not also be an enthralling narrative), but just as in real life it requires continual contact to become really familiar with any one and a character seems to disclose itself very gradually, so in reading again a novel in which a character is presented with insight and subtlety we discover new charms at each perusal. One of the most eminent men of my acquaintance reads the Waverley novels from beginning to end once every year, and he tells me that the charm, far from palling, grows on him. To take one well-known example, I think that this is the case especially with Jane Austen's masterpiece, "Pride and Prejudice." It is very curious, by the bye, that, although this story was written when the author was a girl scarcely out of her teens, it is by no means very attractive to young people. I remember myself reading it as a youth when I had a capacity for reading anything and everything that came in my way, but the beauty of it did not dawn on me until a great number of years had passed and riper judgment was brought to the understanding of the exquisite charm that is found on every page of this work. It seems to me that what Jane Austen wrote afterwards, though abundant in cleverness, never had the fine and exquisite freshness of the first novel. I know that opinions differ upon this point and must do; but the impression I give is my own.

Looking at the subject from another point of view, one is led at times to wonder what proportion of the reading public prefers old books to new. Publishers say that the excellent reprints of standard authors have a steady and extensive sale, and this would go to imply that there is a reading public which prefers the novel of manners both to the problem novel and to the productions of the school of Dumas. The books that seem to me to be most assiduously reprinted are Thackeray's "Esmond" and Scott's "Ivanhoe," but when one looks over the list of reprints a feeling of surprise is experienced at the others which are selected. Each series claims to be a library of masterpieces, and yet there is scarcely one which does not include several works of only third- or fourth-rate merit. It would be extremely interesting to see what the effect would be if some publisher would start a series called the novel of manners, and include in it only those works of the very highest rank. I imagine that a considerable section of the public would become purchasers.

P.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "New Ideas for Old," by T. Sturge Moore.]



## FICTION

*The Fifth Queen.* By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

WE have rarely read an historical novel which gives so clear and forcible a picture of its period as Mr. Hueffer's. The period is towards the end of the reign of Great Harry the Eighth, that prodigious creature who seems to embody in his huge bulk and immense attainments and power all the turbulent raw elements of the turbulent Tudor time. "If the lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him," were the words in which Sir Thomas More summed up his experience of Henry VIII. to Thomas Cromwell, that mysterious, potent figure of English history. The story opens about the year 1539, when Cromwell was arranging the alliance with Lutheran powers and seeking to strengthen it by the king's marriage with his fourth Queen, Anne of Cleves, "the great Flanders mare." Even as her state arrival is hourly expected, Katherine Howard comes to the palace at Greenwich from the country, escorted by her boisterous cousin and lover, Culpepper, and meets the king dramatically as he is pacing the terrace; she is riding a stubborn mule, her dress is torn and muddy, her arm is wounded by the brawlers at the gate, and the king in compassion orders her to wait upon his daughter, the Lady Mary. So ends the first part. Thereafter, we see Katherine caught up in the intrigues of the court. She falls into the power of Throckmorton, the infamous spy; but he respects her, for he has seen how the king admires her. She moves blindly in his hand, but his game is deep and subtle. Cromwell's power is really at an end, though the king, according to his tigerish habit, is loading the doomed man with favours; and at the end Katherine learns, in an exceedingly powerful scene, that she has been serving the king and that he loves her. There the book ends; we do not hear of the marriage, nor of Cromwell's execution, which took place in July 1540, the very year in which he was created Earl of Essex. Thus, the action of the story is confined to the space of one year, a very crucial year in the history of England, and that without any effort or overcrowding. Mr. Hueffer has managed to suggest very clearly the way of life, both in town and country, of the early sixteenth century. It was an age, to quote Brewer, "instinct with vast animal life, robust health and muscular energy, terrible in its rude and unrefined appetites, its fiery virtues and fierce passions." There are types of all these in the book, from old Nicholas Udall, whom Mr. Hueffer has drawn out of his own mouth, up to the king himself.

*The Measure of Life.* By FRANCES CAMPBELL. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

IN her dedication Mrs. Campbell alludes to these tales and dreams as her "spiritual adventures," and that is perhaps the clearest description that can be given of them. Dreams, legends, and visions have each a golden thread of spiritual meaning woven into them. All the author's eloquence is upon the side of right and goodness; her pages are full of counsels of perfection, of the wisdom of endurance, of the salutary effect of patience under pain, suffering and loss, of the value of self-sacrifice and tribulation in the discipline of life. Throughout she glorifies those bracing qualities which ordinary human nature is least inclined to go out of its way to cultivate. Some of the tales are charming in their tenderness and gaiety; several of them we have read and admired in another place, and welcome in more permanent form. Others, of dreams and second sight, are curious and interesting, yet more so for the manner in which they are told than for their subject. Mrs. Campbell is a facile writer, with a vivid imagination. Ideas flow easily and find expression in a wealth of imagery that transforms familiar truths into something new and strange. The two best examples of her remarkable descriptive powers, as well as of her prodigal use of superlatives, are

to be found in "A Sarong of Trenggam," and "Blown from the Infinite," with its unexpected and beautiful ending. Here and elsewhere it is when Mrs. Campbell tells us about flesh-and-blood men and children that she delights us most; we would not exchange one of her human stories for a dozen such visions as "The Lock of the Little Souls." Yet those who love to speculate upon the mysteries of the unseen world should read Mrs. Campbell's spiritual adventures, which are all, as she might express it, "shot with gold and crossed with silver" thoughts and aspirations.

*The Master of Pinsmead.* By ALGERNON GISSING. (Long, 6s.)

"THE MASTER OF PINSMEAD" gives the title to a collection of twenty short stories, any one of which may be read in about as many minutes. Brightly written by an experienced hand, they embrace a variety of interests, romantic or tragic, but avoid the humorous aspects of life. Some half-dozen of the miniature plots are too condensed, and leave much to the reader's imagination. One story, even after a third reading, left a doubt as to what really happened. In "The Parson's Text" the part played by the "gentleman in spectacles" is not at all clear, nor do we understand why the haughty lady promised him all her fortune in such contemptuous terms. And what was the end of "Lonesome Jane"? On one point the author treats his readers handsomely; he always gives them a story, a romantic episode, or a dramatic situation, and not merely an anecdote spun out to cover a certain space.

*The Burglars' Club.* By HENRY A. HERRING. (Cassell, 3s. 6d.)

"Moi, je ne cherche pas mes émotions à me casser le cou," said the Frenchman anent foxhunting, and, so far as appreciation of what sport really means, he might be own brother to the principal characters in this book, who have "all been in the army or the navy, all of whom are sportsmen," and who, despairing of any other whip to their jaded craving for excitement, form a Club, admission to and continuation in which rest on the ability to break the law of the land by stealing any article of value or interest—the more renowned at the moment the better—which the ingenuity of the rest of the club may demand. No scruples as to the violation of friends' houses, confidence or hospitality are allowed to interfere with the obtaining of trophies such as the Great Seal of England, a bishop's crozier, an ounce of radium—the talk of the scientific world and valued at £56,000—a Bunyan manuscript, and the last-given V.C. Their burglaries in most cases are utterly amateurish, and it needed not a Sherlock Holmes, but merely an ordinary Scotland Yard detective, to shatter these excitement-seekers' house of cards and bring them to the conclusion (with which most people would start the first page), "that the club has no connection with sport . . . and that it be disbanded." This book has no doubt fulfilled its function in giving employment to the printing trade, and with this remark we may leave it.

*The Poison of Tongues.* By M. E. CARR. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE problem in this pleasantly told story is a pretty one. Handled with subtlety it should have been moving; handled with force, dramatic. But the author's touch is too light, her imbroglio too loosely knit for the situation she presents. The hero could not clear himself of a heinous charge without accusing the real criminal, who was dead and had been his friend and the brother of the girl he loves. What is a man to do in such a case? Refuse all explanations, turn confused and, stammering, slink out of the house next day, leaving his reputation behind him, or speak out and tell the three women concerned that the dead man had been faithless and a forger? Perhaps it was impossible for Captain Thursby to speak; but he might very well have thought it impossible that a houseful of English people should have believed such a story on the word of an emotional Eurasian musician who had a grudge

against him. The Eurasian said that the Englishman was a forger: the Englishman denied it but retreated. So the other English people in the house went back to London and spread the story as the Eurasian had told it. They were not clever or they would have foreseen that the Indian mail and the Captain's brother officers would soon set things right. The heroine is original enough to get engaged to a man she does not love because she thought she ought to "share in the suffering." This seems hard on the man.

## THE DRAMA

### EN REVENANTS DE LA REVUE

How strange that social phrases retain their form and change their meaning—or, perhaps, it is not strange at all. A lady the other day at dinner, where conversation flagged, asked me if I believed in "Ghosts." I thought she referred to spiritual phenomena: but it was Ibsen's play. I have observed a similar mistake about the ACADEMY. "Have you seen the ACADEMY?" used to be a safe question from May till August bank holiday, and from January till March, when it referred to the summer and winter shows of pictures respectively; now it is a safe question all the year round—and it never refers to that exploded institution at Burlington House. Not a hundred yards away from this office, as in ancient Athens (I cannot be precise as to distance, Bædeker not being beside me), there stands the *Porch* of the National Sporting Club, in Covent Garden. Here, last Sunday, was perpetrated upon us, of Academe and elsewhere, a cruel practical joke. At eight of the clock, having cut a most delightful supper at the house of Hypatia, we stood, pretending to be Stoics, but with oaths under our lips and puddles under our feet, waiting for the doors to open. Conscientiously following Court (Theatre) etiquette, we were punctual; and how were we rewarded? I thought, in common with others, that if you flout the censor such things are inevitable. The English Drama Society had prepared a most unsportsmanlike booby-trap. *Ghosts*, advertised for eight o'clock, did not commence till three quarters of an hour later. *The Vision*, a morality by the Hon. Eleanour Norton, was to form a curtain-raiser. The programme, however, was consoling. After all there was a certain symbolism in the characters. For the *Pleasure* of seeing Ibsen I had come; in *Innocence* I was punctual; in *Wisdom* I am well equipped; but at the end of the performance I could have left with *Passion* for supper save for the temptation of seeing *Ghosts* again. The dreary balderdash of *The Vision* was hardly relieved by that talented actor, Mr. Esmé Percy, an artist who is more sensitive to praise, even than criticism. But for the announcement that he appeared by the courtesy of Mr. Tree, I would have said that his presence was a crime of *lèse Majesty's Theatre*. I hope Mr. Tree will never again lend any of his powerful cast for such purposes. Better to err with Stephen Phillips than shine with the Hon. Eleanour Norton.

Allegory should be regarded as an exquisite expression of mediævalism, whether in architecture, painting or drama. We are too sophisticated, however, for the simplicity necessary for its presentation; we are not sufficiently subtle to entertain its complexity. The more we know of mediævalism the less we can endure any simian product of to-day. We can stimulate our art and our curiosity by searching in the crypt, though we must not stay there to make forgeries, but only long enough to take photographs. Otherwise we shall contract a chill. "Where the cultured catch an effect the uncultured catch cold," as I did on Sunday night. I fear the late Mr. G. F. Watts was responsible for this toying with faded pietism and allegories on the banks of the Nile. *Love whistling down the ear of Life*, *Christianity shutting off the water-supply from the House of Paganism*, and other works of which the

exact titles escape me, were among the obvious sources of the Hon. Eleanour Norton's inspiration. Of her deplorable work I say no more, but will record a little anecdote to illustrate my obscure point. In company with an Anglican clergyman of my acquaintance, I witnessed during the sacred season of Lent a provincial performance of that little masterpiece, *Everyman*. Following the admirable tradition of the Carthusian *matinée*, the names of the players were omitted from the programme. The production was perfect; the sham ritualism which marred later revivals entirely absent. The audience was deeply moved. Several worldly people broke into sobs. My friend came round to the stage-door in order to congratulate the manager, and asked to be presented to the artists who had rendered for us "the last enchantment of the middle age." We were introduced to *Everyman*, *Good Fellowship*, and *Kindred* (who were drinking champagne), and to all the players except the gentleman who sustained the part of the Supreme Being and the lady who represented *Good Deeds*. We inquired where they were. The others looked embarrassed. At last the whole truth had to be told. It transpired, as they say in the Press, that a warrant had been executed on God for fraud, and a writ for an unpaid dressmaker's bill had been served on *Good Deeds*. The officers of the law had considerably waited until the end of the performance before carrying out their ungrateful task. Then I realised that Oberammergau must always remain in Bavaria, though Mr. Laurence Housman has since shattered my opinion, and Mr. Arthur Symonds will expose the fallacy of my contentions early next month in *The Fool of the World*. Still the Hon. Eleanour Norton has not revised my views about Mr. Watts's allegories.

Of *Ghosts* you can say nothing which has not been better said by Mr. William Archer and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Since *Hernani* no play has produced such results on the drama of Europe. It taught French dramatists that psychology does not entirely centre on a wife's infidelity; it taught English playwrights that truth and probability are not stranger but quite as romantic and dramatic as middle-class fictions and false sentiments forming the staple and sewerage of the English stage. It killed Clement Scott. We owe to it *The Voyage Inheritance*. I know the pathology of *Ghosts* is wrong, but false pathology is less objectionable than false pathos. I cannot pay Miss Madge MacIntosh a higher compliment than by saying that she succeeded in making us nearly forget the Mrs. Alving of Mrs. Theodore Wright. Mr. Lumsden Hare was the best Pastor Manders I have ever seen, and the Engstrand of Mr. Curtis was admirable, though he gave too melodramatic an interpretation to some of his speeches. He is a finished and capable actor. I wish I could praise the Oswald of Mr. Goodsall unreservedly. During the first two acts I did not think him capable of doing what he achieved in the final scene. A physical resemblance to Dan Leno, which should be disguised by make-up, prevents you from accepting his Oswald on its face valuation. You are persuaded that he is a fine comedy actor but not designed for introspective drama. I would like to see Mr. Esmé Percy assume the part. He would have an opportunity of distinguishing himself. I make the suggestion to Mr. Nugent Monck, secretary of the English Drama Society, with a request that he will tuck any further *Visions* beneath his cowl and not abuse the courtesy of Mr. Tree by allowing Mr. Esmé Percy to desert the frying-pan of Mr. Phillips for the fires of the Hon. Eleanour Norton.

Paris, like Admetus, is not a character with which modernity has much sympathy. He followed the advice of Du Maurier's poet and was content to exist beautifully. The modern world would never go to him for settling disputes; his judgment has been reversed on appeal in favour of Pallas and the Education Bill. True, we go to Paris for our frocks, but not without them. We disbelieve the promises of Aphrodite arising from the sea, from Agnew's, or from Rokeby. We impugn her authenticity; we hardly subscribe to give her shelter in Trafalgar Square. Cænone is more in our hearts than her faithless lover. To



Mr. Laurence Binyon and Miss Gertrude Kingston the applause last week must have been reassuring. I sincerely hope the play will be seen again before long, and that the pace at which the blank verse was delivered may be slightly increased. Miss Kingston has a special gift for declaiming poetry, and—what is more rare—acting it; being a rebel (*ipsa dixit*), she might break away from the “slow” tradition of the English stage. *Paris and Enone* is a beautiful dramatic poem, written to be acted, as *The Tempest* was written to be acted. Always an admirer of Mr. Binyon's poetry, I confess to having thought the play rather tedious until it was presented by Miss Kingston. I accepted too readily the foolish criticism that Mr. Binyon was a lyric or epic poet and nothing more. Actors, it has been pointed out, are the real critics of drama, and their presentation of it is the only means by which we can appreciate a play. Like other critics they make dreadful mistakes, and insist on acting superbly in bad plays. This deceives both the public and those amphibious creatures called dramatic critics, who have one foot in the auditorium and the other in the actor-manager's private room. *Paris and Enone*, not only by the tender melody of the verse and intensity of the two situations, proves the possibility of a renaissance of poetic drama not necessarily Celtic. It is, however, no methodist revival of Jacobean and Elizabethan modes; no depressing piece of archaeology, but a recrudescence of poetry for the stage. I believe the public will now be able to see (with the aid of a telescope) Mr. Binyon on the higher slopes of Parnassus where Keats and Marlowe are plaiting garlands for his head in the enamelled meadows, and where he is feeling a little nervous at the prospect of being introduced by Milton to Mr. Bernard Shaw. For the stage reveals your identity as no other art succeeds in doing.

The revival of *How he Lied to her Husband* gave Miss Kingston an opportunity for displaying her unique powers in comedy and reminded the audience that Mr. Granville Barker requires a long holiday.

Mr. E. F. Benson's *The Friend in the Garden* has been condemned by the superior critics. I admit that the writing fell far short of the author at his best; I admit that Maeterlinck's *Intruder* may have haunted Mr. Benson as it has many other dramatists. At the same time, there was an idea in the play, a dramatic idea; and there might have been pathos, but for the terrible platitudes of Death. If you materialise Death on the stage, the result must produce an element of surprise and some strangeness in proportion, as Bacon said of Beauty. If Mr. Benson would rewrite his play, dock Lord Accrington of his unnecessary title, and make his hero less dyspeptic, he would contrive a really moving and striking one-act play, only less thrilling than *The Monkey's Paw*. In its present form the notes are false, and recall those pictures of M. Jean Beraud, so popular in Paris some years ago. Violent contrasts and incongruities are always legitimate in drama, which has less limitations than any other art; but the dramatist must persuade you that he is creating, not violating, the laws of possibility. Mr. Benson can, I am sure, persuade

ROBERT ROSS.

## FINE ART

### MR. BAILLIE'S FLOWER-SHOW

“A SHORT time employed in painting flowers,” said Sir Joshua, “would make no improper part of a painter's study.” That many artists share the opinion of Reynolds is amply evidenced by the first annual exhibition of flower-paintings at Mr. Baillie's Gallery (54 Baker Street). The days when the painting of flowers was left to the young lady amateur have long since gone by, and the tendency now is for professional artists to devote not a short time but a life-time to the study of flower-painting. Mr. Baillie's

exhibition reminds us how many modern artists have made a reputation by their renderings of flowers. We think of Fantin-Latour, though he is unrepresented here. But flower-painting was of Fantin's art a thing apart—he was equally great as portrait-painter, lithographer and painter of idylls; it is the whole existence of Mr. Francis E. James, Mr. Gerard Chowne, Mr. Stuart Park, and other exhibitors at Baker Street. Of these Mr. James's position is, perhaps, the most unassailable; his water-colours are as personal and distinctive as the oils of Fantin, which they do not in the least resemble. Mr. Stuart Park's flowers have also the merit of being his own, but they do not carry the conviction of Mr. James's. They are often beautiful, always clever, but they are artificial—artificial flowers of the finest and most expensive kind, exquisitely made, but seemingly of feathers, not of petals. Mr. Chowne's flowers are real, and they are none the worse because they recall the work of Fantin. On the contrary, it is pleasurable to find a great tradition being carried on so worthily, for Alfred Stevens are as hard to find as Michel-angelos.

An exhibition of flower-paintings without a Fantin may bear some resemblance to a performance of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. But just as the play, even thus mutilated, could not rid itself of the unacted character's influence, so in Mr. Baillie's flower-show the power of the “Prince of Flower-Painters” is revealed, though his handiwork remains unseen. It is not only Mr. Chowne whose work reveals the happy influence of Fantin. It is seen no less clearly in the admirable paintings of Mr. James S. Hill, Miss Annie D. Muir, Mme. S. Hense, and many another. Even Mr. James Paterson's brilliant water-colour *French Roses* (83) recalls the Frenchman's oils, while Mr. D. S. MacColl gracefully pays Fantin homage in his delicious rendering of *A Rose* (70). It is rarely that Mr. MacColl permits the public to see his handlings of oils, and, if his manner of painting suggests the sympathetic study of many Fantins, the conception is Mr. MacColl's alone. Imagine a single pink rose bowing towards you from a slender glass and you will understand how it is that the Japanesque simplicity and refinement of Mr. MacColl's little picture makes all posies rather common, all bouquets rather vulgar.

It is impossible within a limited space to do justice to this fascinating collection. We should like to dwell on Mr. Clausen's exhibits. He is the most national of flower-painters. There is a fine air of British solidarity and sturdiness about his *Zinnias* and *Michaelmas Daisies* (31). The method of painting, too, is honest, straightforward, thoroughly British; not the slow, painstaking method of that nonconformist in painting, Mr. Holman Hunt, but the assured, direct method of the more orthodox Gainsborough and Millais. Clever, distinctive work by Messrs. J. D. Ferguson, H. M. Livens, James Cadenhead and H. C. Moon, by Meses. Isobel A. Dods-Withers, Katherine Turner, Agnes Raeburn and Jessie Algie, deserve more than a word of praise. Miss Katherine Cameron's fresh-blooming *Roses* (76), and her delightful *Bees and Blossoms* (103)—one can almost hear the buzzing of her fluffy little monsters—excite one's high enthusiasm. The few examples noted may suffice to prove that Mr. Baillie's flower-show is good; its surprising variety can only be appreciated by those who have seen a collection which ranges from the botanical diagrams of Mr. MacWhirter to the fantastic, anthropomorphised roses madly dancing in the jewelled landscape of Diaz de la Pena.

The official notification of interesting additions to our national art collections leaves a good deal to be desired. Mr. Duveen's presentation to the Tate Gallery of Mr. Sargent's portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth attracted much public notice, but a correspondent draws our attention to the fact that a previous addition to the permanent collection at Millbank has not yet been alluded to in the Press. This is the interesting painting of

*Gil Blas and the Canon Sedillo*, by F. W. Hurlstone, which was commented on in the ACADEMY when exhibited at Messrs. Shepherd's last autumn. It was then pointed out that Hurlstone occupied a not negligible position in the history of British painting, as one of the first painters to be directly influenced by the Spanish masters, and thus to a certain extent being a precursor of John Philip and Whistler. While upon the subject of new additions to our art galleries we may mention that Mrs. Arthur Melville has presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum a fine example of the late Mr. Melville's art, his brilliant water-colour, *The Little Bull Fight*, which was exhibited at the Old Watercolour Society's exhibition three years ago, and now hangs on a screen in front of the east of Rodin's *John the Baptist*.

## MUSIC

### ON EXTEMPORE PLAYING

THERE is an august body called the Incorporated Society of Musicians; while I know nothing of this society's constitution or the *personnelle* of its members, the very name is suggestive of people who write eight-part fugues in their spare time, for recreation, and who habitually think in quadruple counterpoint. This impression was strengthened when, invited to attend one of their meetings for "members and friends," I found myself with some hundred odd "friends" (odd, numerically speaking), shut out in the passage for half an hour, while the deliberations of a meeting for members only were concluded. We, the hundred odd friends, were very patient; knowing that to admit us at all was a favour, we waited quite meekly till the magic portals unfolded, and then scrambled as decorously as possible into the vacant seats. The chairman called upon Mr. Thomas Crawford, Mus. Bac. Dunelm, to read a paper on "The art of extemporising," and with his reading my wonder began. For lo! instead of minding high things he appeared to condescend to men of low estate. He warned against "meandering" on the piano or organ. What incorporated musician would deign to meander? He told us that we should always extemporise in some clearly defined form, and explained, with little diagrams on the blackboard, such as reminded one of a "Child's First Primer of Musical Instruction," the elements of "binary" and "ternary" form. My wonder increased until I realised from the benign expressions on the faces of the "Incorporated," that this talk was not for them, but for the instruction of the humble and ignorant "friends." It may have been a disappointment to be denied an introduction into Walhalla, but it should certainly be a consolation that the gods come down and hobnob with us on something like equal terms, and this the incorporated ones did. In his little lecture, Mr. Crawford said some very sensible things and offered some useful hints to beginners; moreover Mr. W. Wolstenholme improvised skilful fugues on the piano, and he, Professor Prout, and the lecturer between them made up a whole sonata of four movements upon given themes, and oh! how dull it was!

But apart from this mixture of puerility and scholarship, the subject of extemporisation is worth some consideration. Is it, as Mr. Crawford says it is, "a beautiful art," and, if so, how can it be true that the best piece of extemporisation is that which most nearly approaches to written composition? In such a case it would appear to have no individuality of its own, and without individuality no art is beautiful, and without beauty there is no art. There must be some element in extemporised music which is worth having, besides its approximation to written composition, if it is to be valued at all. I have heard many organists and some pianists extemporise, but I never found anything to enjoy in the efforts of any of them, save those of one man, and he is my friend. I do not remember that I ever heard him extemporise a fugue or a small sonata, and I should not always know in what

form his piece had been cast, though I should be ready to defend it against the charge of "meandering," because it always speaks. It is more than possible, indeed quite likely, that it is friendship as much as music which in such a case gives that specially intimate and personal tone, without which all extempore playing is dead. I do not wish to analyse the psychological aspect of the case too closely, but the truth about extemporising undoubtedly lies in a more momentary and individual expression than written composition possesses. Conversation and oratory form a very close analogy to extempore and written composition. Every one knows to their cost the type of man who has acquired a method of talking fluently on any subject from fiscal reform to the degeneracy of the drama. He is the very essence of a bore, and an excellent debater. His subject is not his own but a "given theme"; or, if his own, it is chosen to be talked about, and once chosen he treats it in a certain definite sequence which he knows to be logical and believes to be effective. It is the same with extemporising as preached and practised by incorporated musicians. Take, says Mr. Crawford, a striking, melodious and easily memorised theme; if you cannot think of one, beat out a commonplace rhythm with thumps upon the table or on the back of the grand piano first (one supposes that this spirit-rapping process is gone through in the next room, if an audience is present), and then fit a sequence of notes to that, and behold, a theme! This theme proceed to mould into little contrasted sentences of eight or sixteen bars, and the "beautiful art" is complete. Were this the whole of the doctrine, it would be too pitiable to need refutation, but there lay the germ of something more substantial in Mr. Crawford's remark that the theme is the soul and the form the body and his plea for the health of both. Practically, however, he and his kind, like the devotees of physical culture, magnify the lesser, the claims of the body, into the all important. The extemporised sonata which he and his friends gave us had all its limbs fully formed, and even a fair show of muscular development; but it said nothing, for it had thought nothing, it had no soul, or, if it had, it was of the kind furnished by raps. Of course there must be a healthy body for the full expression of the soul, or, to return to the closer analogy, the man who takes your arm and talks with you as a friend must know the rules of grammar and syntax and have a logical way of putting things, if you are to understand all that he has it in his heart to say. But his words will not take the form of an essay or sermon or a great parliamentary speech, unless his matter is so weighty and so carefully thought out, that what he says is no longer for your ear alone or a passing conversation, but the summary of a life-long experience or of profound thought. A deeper knowledge of the purposes of such great forms as the fugue and sonata as used by Bach and Beethoven would save learned musicians from falling into the error of trying to express such slight thoughts as occur to them in the course of extempore playing with all the pomp and circumstance due to the expression of great things. It is not, therefore, true to speak of the theme as the soul, if the term "theme" be used in the limited sense of a short musical phrase, whose form more or less determines that of the whole piece. The immortal four-note theme of the fifth symphony does not contain within itself the soul of that great work; a child might pick it out at the piano and a starling has been known to whistle it. It is the use made of this theme—in fact, the subject-matter throughout the whole movement—which invests this small succession of notes with such a glory that it almost seems as if there were magic in them. Beethoven did not make a movement in sonata form out of this germ; he had in his mind a great musical thought which, starting from this germ, could only find full expression in a movement of such proportions as the first of the C minor symphony. Composers should, perhaps, be more chary of undertaking composition in great forms which demand great thought, but it seems very near to profanation for little men, be



they never so learned, to attempt to extemporise in those forms in which the greatest have wrought painfully and slowly.

The art of extemporising, then, like the art of conversation, is one which depends upon simple and direct expression and the exact appropriateness of means to the subject in hand. It is so delicate a matter that deliberate culture is as likely to ruin the one as the other. As we shun the man who "talks like a book," so we may well fear the extemporised sonata. The real artist will find the exact means to make a perfect round of his thought; those who have not the power may still try to say what little they can consistently, and these may be helped by some of Mr. Crawford's concise rules. But in this matter we cannot get much help from the learned ones, and for my own part I left that assembly of Incorporated Musicians with some of that feeling with which every student closes his harmony book, a sigh of relief and a longing for one strain of real music.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

ON March 26 Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish the first volume of a new work by Mr. J. B. Atlay, "The Victorian Chancellors." Though Lord Campbell's posthumous volume contains the lives of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, neither of them has been accepted as satisfactory. Mr. Atlay therefore begins with the former, and includes Lord Brougham, whose name is so intimately associated with the legal history of the reign, though he was never Chancellor under Queen Victoria. The work will be complete in two volumes, the second of which, we understand, is in the press.—On March 30 Messrs. Smith, Elder promise two new novels: "Mr. Baxter, Sportsman," by Charles Fielding Marsh, and "Old Mr. Lovelace," by Christian Tearle—episodes in the life of an elderly, retired lawyer, whose kindly heart leads him to intervene with almost quixotic sympathy in the affairs of his granddaughter's protégés.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press a new book on Charles Lever, from the pen of Mr. Edmund Downey. Mr. Downey's work is in two volumes, and takes the form of a Life of Lever told by himself in his letters.

Mr. John Murray will publish at Easter a biography of great interest, namely the Life of Mrs. Bishop, which has been written at Mrs. Bishop's own request by her intimate friend Miss Anna Stoddart, the author of a charming account of St. Francis, and of Professor Blackie's life, an admirable piece of biographical work. Mrs. Bishop's Life will appeal to more than her large circle of friends: for she was perhaps the greatest of woman-travellers; and the account which she gave of her travels in her books is vivid and stamped with the strong charm of her personality. She made her way through Japan, Persia, Kurdistan, Korea, Siberia and China; she was the first white woman to visit many places; and she visited them alone. No one is more fitted to deal with her many-sided character than Miss Stoddart.

Mr. Arthur Symonds's Collected Poems are now out of print, and it is his intention to bring out a new edition with some revisions and some additional translations from Verlaine. Mr. Symonds has also in preparation a new volume of miscellaneous poems which will include the Morality play mentioned on p. 255.

Early in April Mr. Unwin will publish "The Pope of Holland House," by Lady Seymour. The book is based on a collection of early nineteenth-century letters, written by and to John Whishaw between 1806 and 1840. Coming to London as a rich young man with a reputation for ability, Whishaw soon became known to the leading reformers and was introduced to Whig Society. He was an intimate friend of Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Lansdowne, Francis Horner, Sir Samuel Romilly, and other leading people of his day, and on account of his dogmatism

earned the name of "The Pope of the Holland House Set." The book contains letters to Whishaw from Sydney Smith, Maria Edgeworth, Hallam, Sismondi, Dr. Holland, Sir James Mackintosh, Lady Holland and others. These, with Whishaw's own letters, are full of gossip about Napoleon, Wellington, Madame de Staël, and Byron, about Scott's novels and poems when they first appeared, and about the foreign politics of the time.

"Historic Dress, 1607-1800," by Elizabeth McClelland, is the subject of a book which Mr. John Lane will publish on March 20. The book is to be fully illustrated in colour, pen-and-ink, and half-tone, and in addition there will be reproductions from photographs of rare portraits, garments, etc. An introductory chapter is given on dress in the Spanish and French settlements in Florida and Louisiana.—Mr. Lane promises "The Wild Flowers of Selborne," by the Rev. Canon Vaughan, on the same date;—and he will publish shortly "Sir Edward Elgar," by Ernest Newman, the fourth volume of a new series, "The Music of the Masters," which Mr. Lane has taken over and will publish henceforth.

On March 22 Messrs. Methuen will publish a new volume of lectures by F. B. Jevons, entitled "Religion in Evolution." In these lectures, delivered in the vacation term for Biblical study at Cambridge, the author discusses the question whether the aborigines of Australia are in a pre-religious stage, and argues that, even if science had discovered the origin and traced the Evolution of Religion, the validity of Religion would still remain to be determined.—On the same date they will add to their "Ancient Cities" series a new volume on "Lincoln," by E. Mansel Sympson, and will publish a novel from the pen of Mrs. Fuller Maitland, entitled "Blanche Esmead"—a story of diverse temperaments.

"The Literary History of the Adelphi and its Neighbourhood," from the pen of Mr. Austin Brereton, will be published by Messrs. Treherne in the autumn. The volume will contain numerous illustrations, including views of the Adelphi at different periods, Garrick's house as it appeared when Dr. Johnson visited there, the library of Samuel Pepys, the famous "Fox-under-the-Hill," and other equally interesting scenes.

"The Genealogy and History of the Matthew Family" is announced for publication by subscription through Mr. Elliot Stock. The Glamorganshire family of Matthew is one of the most ancient in Britain and traces its descent through Sir David Matthew of Llandaff, standard bearer to Edward IV. in 1461, to Gwaetvoed Vawr, Prince of Cardigan in the tenth century. The family is largely represented in the work, as are also the English and Irish branches. It will contain some thirty portraits, drawings and facsimiles in illustration of the text.

Messrs. Constable will publish shortly three books dealing with religious subjects. The first, by William Burnet Wright, is entitled "Cities of Paul: Beacons of the Past rekindled by the Present." This book comprises a history of the ancient towns of Tarsus, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth, Colossæ, Ancyra and Tyona, all of which have become famous from their association with the great apostle Paul. The second is by the late Henry Martyn Dexter, D.D., and his son Morton Dexter. It is entitled "The England and Holland of the Pilgrims," and is an attempt to present a more complete record than any which has been written of the religious and ecclesiastical movement in England which made the American "Pilgrims" what they were, and of their emigration to Holland, and their life there before they sailed to America.—"The Religion of all Good Men and other Studies in Christian Ethics," by H. W. Garrod, is a series of essays bearing out the author's contention that the hold of religion upon the minds of the youth of our country has never been stronger, nor the hold of Christianity weaker than at the present time.

Messrs. Harrison and Sons are preparing a new edition of "Burke's Landed Gentry of Great Britain"—a companion volume to the "Landed Gentry of Ireland"

—which will appear early in May. This work comprises the family histories of untitled country gentlemen of a lineage equally as ancient and interesting as that of the titled aristocracy.

Mr. Henry Frowde has in the press and will publish shortly a book by Miss Constance A. Meredyth. The Poet Laureate says that the volume—an autograph album, birthday book, and guest book, entitled "Whisperings from the Great"—shows in the compiler a wide and intimate acquaintance with modern English and French poetry.

Mr. Horace Cox announces for publication in a few days "Chats on Angling," by Capt. Hart Davis. It contains chapters on the dry fly, some dry fly maxims, education of the south country trout, evening rise, jack, the May fly, the angler and ambidexterity, loch fishing, dopping for trout, grayling-fishing, salmon-fishing, etc.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was delighted to see from your review of the performance of Mr. Hewlett's pastoral of *Pan and the Young Shepherd* that the Pan and Merla episode distressed you as much as it did me. I am a warm admirer of Mr. Hewlett's work and I have always considered the original edition of *Pan and the Young Shepherd* as his masterpiece. The lines have lost nothing in beauty in their translation to the stage in the mouths of actors and actresses who obviously appreciated their value. Mr. Hewlett starts out with a noble idea and deliberately drops it into the mire before he has done with it. He pits the two great forces of the Nature ideal and the Christ ideal against each other, and in my judgment the prize is not to the angels! In the first act we have the surrender of Balkis and Aglaë—mysterious Undines—to the human idea of love and their growth through that love. We then touch the highest point that personal love can reach, the complete sacrifice of self and the natural desires and joys to the welfare of the beloved and their rival in Merla's and Dryas's appeal to Pan to save Neanias and Aglaë for each other. Now comes Mr. Hewlett's great chance, the culminating point of the conflict between the two forces, the irresponsible animal and the self-sacrificing God. It needs a great artist to treat Pan's surrender—not to his own bestial desires but to the power of the white Christ—a surrender made pathetic by the child-like ignorance of Pan as to what this new force is to which he yields; but then Mr. Hewlett is a great artist, and he should not have shirked the artistic climax which he could have made at once so mystic and so human. But though we reached the climax of the duel, I think many of us would have felt the play incomplete unless it left us hope that Merla—great heart and child of nature—would some day have her own man, her home and her babes. Now I am going to dare greatly, being a little poet suggesting emendations to a big poet! Where in the last scene Neanias tells his family and friends that Merla is trying to drag Pan to the altar, why should we not have instead something like this: Neanias tells them that he has news for them—he has to-day seen a stranger in the hamlet, a very proper youth too, and one that topped him by half a head. He had hair as black as the old bell-wether's face and as curling as a lamb's fleece and the shoulders of a man on him and the mouth of a man to him, for all it was beardless. The parson, it was said, had gone over the hills and had fetched the stranger back to be his serving-man. And who should the stranger be talking to but Merla, with such a flame in his great eyes that it held the soul of the maid so that she never even saw Neanias pass. And, as the others cry out with surprise, Balkis says softly, "God send it is a flame may dry our Merla's tears!" and to this Neanias says, "A good wish, mother, and I, for one, say 'Amen' to it." "And so say we all," cries the company, "and a health to it!" Then they drink, and afterwards Neanias puts them in mind of what night it is and all ends with the hymn of the manifestation of Jesus to the Shepherds.

This, as I have said, is great boldness on my part, but I long to see a noble, marred play nobly artistic from start to finish, and I beg Mr. Hewlett, if he ever sees this letter, to forgive me and better my suggestion.

March 8.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

### EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY NOVELISTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your selection of Fielding, Smollett, and Scott to adorn the ranks of the great "non-University" company of novelists must somewhat diminish the authoritativeness (though not the suggestiveness) of your *Ausinandersetzungen* in this week's ACADEMY.

A man sent, as Fielding was, from Eton to study the Civil Law at Leyden under "the learned Vitriarius" cannot be regarded as without

the culture a University gives, even if he did not (as some accounts allege) graduate at the famous Dutch University.

Smollett passed from Dumbarton School to Glasgow University to qualify for the medical profession, added "an acquaintance with Greek to the fair stock of Latin he already possessed," and never forgot what he learned at his Alma Mater.

And those who have not lately read Lockhart's "Scott" may be glad to be reminded that Scott while at Edinburgh University was, on his own authority, already deep in "Matthew of Paris and other monkish chronicles"—arguing considerable familiarity with Latin; irritated the Greek professor by an essay exalting Ariosto above Homer; and knew Dante, Boiardo, and Pulci, before he devoted the years 1789, 1790, 1791, and 1792 "with great ardour and perseverance," to the study of Roman and Scots Law—still at the same University. Scott has especially recorded his debt of gratitude to Dugald Stewart's stimulating prelections in Moral Philosophy, and to Lord Woodhouselee's course of lectures on History—all at Edinburgh University. Hence it is vain to try to deduce from Walter Scott the characteristics of a non-University author; though Scott deplored to the last his lack of diligence in his earlier years at College.

As Lockhart, son of the minister of the University Church in Glasgow, completed a regular course of study there before he went to Oxford as Snell exhibitioner, and as he spent four years in the study of law at Edinburgh University, it is hardly fair to credit his academic accomplishments wholly to Oxford.

Christopher North and Robert Buchanan might both fairly claim to come before Benjamin Swift, amongst Glasgow University alumni.

Daniel Defoe, although only a Nonconformist bred for the ministry, was not the "illiterate scribbler" Swift pretends to take him for; as novelist he has more varied claims than Swift or Johnson.

And no list of non-University novelists is sufficient representative which does not allude to George Borrow, J. J. Morier ("Hajji Baba"), "Anastasius" Hope, Douglas Jerrold, T. Love Peacock, Captain Marryat, G. P. R. James, and Laurence Oliphant—to name but a few characteristic specimens of the unconsidered. Dr. John Brown might well be added to the Edinburgh list in virtue of "Rab and his Friends"; and George Macdonald is but one of the romancers Aberdeen has bred.

U. J. D.

Edinburgh, March 12.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Opening your first page this week, I am surprised to read, "Other Universities [besides Oxford and Cambridge] have also brought forth novelists. The Edinburgh and Dublin list may be set side by side:

EDINBURGH:

Henry Mackenzie  
R. L. Stevenson  
J. M. Barrie  
Conan Doyle

DUBLIN:

Jonathan Swift  
Oliver Goldsmith  
Charles Robert Maturin  
Charles Lever  
Sheridan Le Fanu

The Dublin list is the longer and stronger of the two."

Is Sir Walter Scott no longer reckoned a novelist? Or is it forgotten that he had some connection with Edinburgh? And that besides being a student of its University, both in Arts and Law, he kept up a far closer connection with it all his life than most of the others whose names you give?

Scott tells in his autobiography how instead of going straight to College from the High School, "according to the usual routine," he went to Kelso for a while, then came back and entered the "Humanity" and Greek classes of the University under Professors Hill and Dalziel—then took what he calls the class of Ethics under Professor Bruce; which did not prevent him later on, from studying Moral Philosophy under Dugald Stewart, the most famous University man of his day. But that was when, as an advocate, he had to study the Civil or Roman Law—of course also at the University. Lockhart in the *Life* has a whole chapter entitled "Anecdotes of Scott's College life;" and that chapter brings out that this particular time was plainly the origin of many of his romances—e.g., *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*; not to speak of *Redgauntlet* which is absolutely woven out of his reminiscences of it. Many years after, when my old master "Christopher North," was appointed to Dugald Stewart's chair, Scott was the doer of it. But it is of course a mere slip.

A. TAYLOR INNES.

Edinburgh.

### UNIVERSITY POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your list of Oxford and Cambridge poets, although not exhaustive, is extremely interesting. But you must not give Beaumont to the younger University. The brilliant lyric poet and dramatist Francis Beaumont entered Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford, with his elder brother Sir John Beaumont, the author of "Bosworth Field" and other poems, early in 1597. You omit, too, his great partner in the dramatic firm, John Fletcher, who is generally supposed to have been a Bible-Clerk of C.C.C. Cambridge (Marlowe's College) in 1593.

You say "some poets have been omitted on the ground that they were at both Universities—Chaucer and Calverley among the number."



But you might have included the latter in your list: for he was C. S. Blaydes at Oxford, and C. S. Calverley at Cambridge. And why drag in Chaucer? He is a poet of the fourteenth century; and your list begins with the Elizabethans. John Lydgate, Chaucer's pupil and friend, is asserted by Bale to have resided at both Universities; John Skelton, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, claims to have been educated at both; and Greene the Elizabethan, although an undergraduate of Cambridge, was proud to write M.A. of both upon his title-pages.

As for Chaucer, I venture to think that if he was at either University—that University was Oxford. He certainly mentions both in his works; but he shows a greater knowledge of Oxford life and manners than of the geography and customs of Cambridge. Professor J. W. Hales remarks that "the Court of Love, which used to be quoted as definitely proving a Cambridge undergraduateship:

Philogenet I call'd am far and nere,  
Of Cambridge clerk—

is not now believed by any competent critic to be Chaucer's work." Mr. Augustine Birrell, in a well-known essay, declares "that no one has ever been found reckless enough to assert that Chaucer was an Oxford man." But Anthony Wood, following Twyne, more than two centuries before Mr. Birrell, had, in his list of Wardens of Canterbury Hall—long since absorbed in Christ Church—under the name of the second, a certain John Wycliffe written, "who, while he abode here (1365-7), as 'tis reputed, was tutor to Jeffry Chaucer."

The scene of the Miller's Tale is laid in Oxford; and in it we have the unforgettable portraits of Nicholas the gay young scholar and buck of the day and of Absalom the amorous parish clerk. The Clerk of Oxenford of the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, half-saint, half-scholar, is the reading-man of the period who has not been led away by strange philosophies; and Jarkin, the Wife of Bath's fifth husband, is the man to whom no learning comes amiss. The scene of the Reeve's Tale, which is the companion picture to that painted by the Miller, is laid in Cambridge. But the two Cambridge clerks are less closely drawn than their brethren at Oxford; and they are benighted at Trumpington, which seems unnecessary and to betray the poet's ignorance of the neighbourhood. The great College of this tale called "Solar-halle" is probably King's Hall, founded in 1337 by the poet's royal master, Edward III. Some of King's Hall, which was finally absorbed by Henry VIII.'s great College of Trinity, still exists; notably, the Great Gate (now of Trinity) which was finished in 1535, only eleven years before the learned tyrant dissolved his ancestor's foundation.

A. R. BAYLEY.

March 7.

#### "SIX-SHILLING" NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Uniformity of price is, I think, very desirable, for it would be a sad nuisance to be charged six shillings, five shillings, fourshillings, or three shillings and sixpence on the publishers' estimates of the quality of their author's fiction, as W. J. suggests they should do. Miss Harraden's "Scholar's Daughter" is highly interesting apart from length, breadth or weight or its merit as a story. For this reason. It is one of the very few successful tales which have been first written as a play. Indeed, who but Charles Reade with "Peg Woffington" and Beatrice Harraden with "The Scholar's Daughter" have succeeded, although countless novels have been turned into plays? Perhaps Miss Harraden to the tenth or perhaps the twentieth edition of her story will prefix an introduction describing the genesis of both play and novel, and if she does so perhaps your correspondent in consideration of the additional pages will then buy a copy. Some people there will be who will wait for the sixpenny edition, and several of Miss Harraden's novels have eventually appeared at this price.

R. S. GARNETT.

#### ITS PRIVATE MAGGOT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your review of Mr. Greenslet's book on Lowell is capital reading—but that very American writer ought not to be blamed for the saying that "No brain but had its private maggot which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes."

That is not Greenslet, but Lowell himself. See the first page of his well-known article on Thoreau in his "Study Windows." Taken with its context the phrase your Reviewer takes offence at is by no means disgusting—it is wonderfully appropriate to the objects of his satire.

WILBUR WATTS PHILLIPS.

[Owing to pressure on our space a number of letters from Correspondents is held over.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ARCHAEOLOGY.

Hancock, F. *Dunster Church and Priory*, their history and architectural features. With many illustrations and plan. 9x6. Pp. xii, 236. Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce; Athenæum Press. 10s. net.

[Prebendary Hancock is Vicar of the beautiful old Somerset town of whose church he writes, and a well-known antiquarian. His book is more or

less popular—a feature which he excuses by a graceful compliment to Sir H. Maxwell Lyte.]

Clare, the late Rev. J. B. *Wenhaston and Bulcamp, Suffolk*, containing curious parish records including Lists of Vicars from 1217 and churchwardens from 1547, an account of old wills and law-suits of the parish, two riots at Bulcamp workhouse and a glossary of old-fashioned words with a description of the recently discovered ancient painting known as "the Wenhaston Doom." 8½x5½. Pp. 119. Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d.

### ART.

*Rembrandt: A Memorial, 1606-1906*. Part I. 14½x10½. Pp. 10+7 Plates. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

[The first instalment of what promises to be a superb work on the great artist whose tercentenary is to be celebrated at Leyden next July. It contains a preface by M. Emil Michel, and the first two pages of a study of Rembrandt by the same author.]

Binns, W. Moore. *The First Century of English Porcelain*. Illustrated. 11½x9½. Pp. xvi, 252. Hurst & Blackett, 42s. net.

[A beautiful book. Mr. Binns, who dedicates it to the memory of his father, Mr. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., writes as "a practical potter with artistic inclinations," and looks more at the technical side of the subject than other historians. There are 77 full-page illustrations, many of them in colour and gold. Index.]

Calvert, Albert F. *Moorish Remains in Spain*: Being a brief record of the Arabian Conquest of the Peninsula with a particular account of the Mohammedan architecture and decoration in Cordova, Seville, and Toledo. Illustrations and coloured plates. 10x8. Pp. 586. Lane, 42s. net.

Gardner, Ernest Arthur. *A Handbook of Greek Sculpture*. Revised edition. 8x5½. Pp. xxxii, 591. Macmillan, 10s.

[Mr. Gardner has revised the text of his first edition to keep up with the discoveries made since it appeared, and has added nearly forty pages of Appendix which is entirely new. The book thus remains substantially what it was, but is up to date. New matter yet unpublished, or not yet generally agreed upon, has been omitted as unsuitable for a text-book. There are a number of additional illustrations, and a good Index.]

Druitt, Herbert. *A Manual of Costume as illustrated by monumental brasses*. With 100 illustrations. 9½x6½. Pp. xxii, 384. The De la More Press, 10s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Druitt's title sufficiently explains the subject of his book. The brasses he studied were English. The book is very handsome, the illustrations excellent, and there are 64 pages of indices.]

Les Maitres de l'Art. Rosenthal, Léon. *Géricault*. 8½x6. Pp. 176. Paris: Librairie de l'art ancien et moderne. 3f. 50.

[This is a volume in the series published under the patronage of the Minister of Public Instruction. Dr. Rosenthal deals with the life and art of Géricault as the forerunner of the realistic painters of half a century later. "Born under David and dying under Delacroix, he was neither classic nor romantic." Good reproductions of little known works, and ample tables.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Norgate, G. Le Grys. *The Life of Sir Walter Scott*. With 53 illustrations. By Jenny Wylie. 9x6. Pp. x, 365. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net. (See p. 256.)

[Mr. Norgate proposes to make an attempt to supersede Lockhart. His work is "a brief story for readers of to-day." There is a chapter by Mr. Francis Watt, of the Middle Temple, on Scott as a lawyer. Good Index.]

Stevenson, Mrs. M. I. *Letters from Samoa, 1891-1895*. Edited and arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour. With 12 illustrations. 7½x5½. Pp. x, 340. Methuen, 6s. net.

[A second and last instalment of the letters written by Mrs. Stevenson, the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson, during her journeys to Samoa and her life there. The first series, also edited by Miss Balfour, was called "From Saranac to the Marquesas." In 1891 she sailed for Samoa, and remained there till after Stevenson's death in December 1894.]

*A Memoir of Archbishop Markham, 1710-1807*. By his great-grandson, Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B. 9x6. Pp. vii, 96. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 5s. net.

### CLASSICAL.

The New Classical Library, edited by Dr. Emil Reich. *Plutarch's Lives of Alexander, Pericles, Caius Cæsar, Amelius Paulus*. Translated by W. R. Frazer. 7½x5. Pp. 263. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

### DRAMA.

Binyon, Laurence. *Paris and Oenone*. A tragedy in one act. 7½x5½. Pp. 23. Constable, 1s. net. (See p. 263.)

Balbi, J. L. *Regeneration*, a play in three acts and an epilogue. 7½x4½. Pp. 79. The International Copyright Bureau.

[Disagreeing with Shakespeare, Mr. Balbi holds that the stage should not be a mirror to nature but a beautiful vista. He is tired, like most of us, of the stock subjects of the drama, and anxious to increase its scope for beneficence. One of the characters has invented an "atmosphere producer," which is to reform the state of society mainly by persuading those unfit to be parents to remain childless. A pamphlet in play-form.]

### EDUCATION.

Hodgson, Geraldine. *Primitive Christian Education*. 8x6. Pp. xii, 287. Edinburgh: Clark, 4s. 6d. net.

[Miss Hodgson, who is lecturer on the history of education at University College, Bristol, has written an extremely valuable book on the educational work of the early Church. Early Christianity has hitherto been regarded as the deadly foe of education: in Miss Hodgson's opinion its critics have been narrow-minded and not a little unfair, and her work attempts to ascertain what is the truth. Such a book ought to have an Index.]

*The Imperial Reader*, being a descriptive account of the territories forming the British Empire. Edited by the Hon. William Pember Reeves and E. E. Speight. 7½x5½. Pp. 444. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net.

[A class-book giving accounts, written by travellers and administrators, of the regions of the Empire and the civilising mission of England. All the names of the authors are famous, and the whole book admirably done. Many illustrations and a map.]

Crook, C. W. *Helps to the Study of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"*. 7½x5. Pp. xlii, 93. Ralph, Holland, 1s. 9d.

Marlborough's Self-taught series. *Italian self-taught*. By C. A. Thimm. 3rd edition revised and enlarged by G. Dallia Vecchia. Pp. 120. 1s and 1s. 6d. *Turkish self-taught*. By C. A. Thimm, revised by Professor G. Hagopian; 4th edition. Pp. 138. 2s. and 2s. 6d. Each 7½ x 5. Marlborough & Co.

English School Texts. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, parts i. and ii.; More's *Utopia*; *The Age of the Antonines* (first three chapters of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; Macaulay's *History* (third chapter); Edmund Burke's *Speeches on America*. Each 6½ x 4½; and about 130 pp. Blackie, 6d. each.

Little French Classics: Daudet's *La Dernière Classe*, Edited by H. W. Preston, 8d.; *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, 6d.; Bouilly's *L'Abbe de L'Épée*, Edited by W. G. Hartog; Stahl's *Les Aventures de Tom Pouce*, Edited by H. H. Horton; *Poésies Choisies*, Introduction and notes by A. Mayenobe, 4d. Blackie.

Latin Texts: *Livy—Book VI*. Edited by E. S. Thompson, 8d. net; *Virgil—Aeneid, Books I–IV*. Edited by S. E. Winbolt, 6d. net each; *Cæsar—De Bello Gallico, V, VI*. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse, 6d. net; *Ilias Latina*, Edited by W. H. S. Jones, 6d. net. Each 7 x 4½. Blackie.

Curtius—V. Hartel. *Griechische Schulgrammatik*, Kurzgefasste Ausgabe bearbeitet von Dr. Florian Weigel. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 176. Vienna: F. Tempsky; Leipzig: G. Freytag. K.2 and K.2.50.

### FICTION.

Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Fifth Queen*. Alston Rivers, 6s. (See p. 261.) Griffith, George. *The Mummy and Miss Nicotris*. A phantasy of the fourth dimension. 7½ x 5. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Lee, Vernon. *Hauntings*, fantastic stories. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xi, 236. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

[Uniform with "Hortus Vitae," "The Enchanted Woods," and "The Spirit of Rome." Four stories, not ghost stories "in the scientific sense," but of the supernatural drawn from the past.]

Silberbad, Una L. *Curayl*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Constable, 6s.

Oxenham, John. *Giant Circumstance*, with illustrations in colour. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 344. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Lewis, Alfred Henry. *The Sunset Trail*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 393. Brown, Langham, 6s.

Stanton, Coralie; and Hosken, Heath. *Miriam Lemaire, Money-Lender*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 271. Cassell, 3s. 6d.

[“Certain facts and episodes in the career of a brilliant, clever, and remarkable, if unscrupulous, woman, from the actual observation of one who knew her intimately . . .”]

Glasgow, Ellen. *The Wheel of Life*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 474. Constable, 6s.

Lowerison, Harry. *From Paleolith to Motor-Car; or Heacham Tales*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 209. Whitten, 3s. 6d. net.

Hilliers, Ashton. *The Mistakes of Miss Manisty*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 288. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Delannoy, Burford. *Prince Charlie*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.

Moberley, L. G. *That Preposterous Will*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Alexander, Eleanor. *The Lady of the Well*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 328. Arnold, 6s.

Harker, L. Allen. *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta*. With a preface by Kate Douglas Wiggin. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 252. Arnold, 5s.

Barr, Robert. *The Triumphs of Eugène Valmont*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 307. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Lewis, R. M. *The Divine Gift*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 264. Lamley, 5s.

Pier, Arthur Standard. *The Ancient Grudge*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 477. Dean, 6s.

Capes, Bernard. *Leaves and Fishes*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Methuen, 6s.

[Twenty-two stories, many of which have appeared in various journals.]

### GENEALOGY.

Bartholomew, J. G. *Atlas of the World's Commerce*. Part I. 16 x 10½. Newnes, 6d. net. (See p. 269.)

### HISTORY.

Schulte, Dr. Aloys. *Kaiser Maximilian I. als Kandidat für den päpstlichen Stuhl, 1511*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. viii, 86. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot, M.2.20.

[Dr. Schulte, Professor of History in Bonn University, has already touched on this matter in his "Die Fugger in Rome," and now, having acquired some new material, gives the public a fuller account.]

### LAW.

Lamas, Alvaro. *Desde La Carcel*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 107. Estudios Profesionales. Santiago: Imprenta y Litografía Universo.

[By a Spanish advocate. Studies of 7 law cases.]

Boyd, William K. *The Ecclesiastical Edicts of the Theodosian Code*. Vol. xxiv. Number 2 of the Studies in History, Economics and Public Law edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 122. New York: The Columbia University Press. London: King, 3s. net.

[Dr. Boyd's Dissertation for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Columbia University.]

### LITERATURE.

Stubbs, Charles William, D.D., Dean of Ely. *The Christ of English Poetry*, being the Hulsean lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge 1904–1905. 8½ x 6½. Pp. x, 216. Dent, 6s. net.

[Cynewulf, Langland, Shakespeare, Browning: each lecture being followed by notes and illustrations.]

*A Descriptive Catalogue of the Western Manuscripts in the Library of Queen's College, Cambridge*. Pp. 29. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Western Manuscripts in the Library of Clare College, Cambridge*. Pp. 51.

Described by Montague Rhodes James, Litt.D., F.B.A. Each 11 x 7½. Cambridge University Press.

A. E. *Some Irish Essays*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 39. London: Brimley Johnson & Ince. Dublin: Maunsell. 1s. net.

[This is the first of "The Tower Press Booklets," edited by Seumas O'Sullivan and James Connolly. A. E.'s work is well known to a wide circle in England and Ireland. The papers in this volume are reprinted from English and Irish journals. The next volume is to be poems by T. G. Keohler.]

Literarhistorische Forschungen. Zenker, Rudolf. *Boeve-Amlethus*, das altfranzösische epos von Boeve de Hamtone und der Ursprung der Hamlet-sage. 8½ x 5½. Pp. xx, 418. 9s. net. Fritz Resa, Dr. Phil. *Nathaniel Lees Trauerspiel Theodosius, or the Force of Love*. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 219.

4s. 6d. net. Melchior, Felix. *Heinrich Heines Verhältnis zu Lord Byron*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 169. 3s. 6d. net. Berlin and Leipzig: Emil Feilber; London: Williams & Norgate.

[These books are good examples of what German scholars are doing for our literature. Professor Zenker writes a very learned monograph on what we knew as "Bevis of Hampton" and the origin of the story of Hamlet: Dr. Fritz Resa reprints Lee's tragedy, *The Force of Love*, from the 1680 quarto (it has not, we believe, been reprinted in England since Bell's modern British Drama, 1811), and tells us all about Lee and his works: Herr Melchior discourses on Heine's personal and literary relation with Byron.]

Noreen, Adolf. *Vårt Språk*. Bd V, 2. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 128. Lund: Gleerups. Kr. 2.

### MILITARY.

Ashmead-Bartlett, Ellis. *Port Arthur*. The Siege and Capitulation. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xiv, 511. Blackwood, 21s. net.

[The author joined the Japanese Third Army early in August 1904, remained attached to General Nogi's headquarters till January 17, 1905, and entered Port Arthur with the Japanese. His book is illustrated, and well furnished with maps and plans. Index.]

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Arbitrator in Council*. 9½ x 5½. Pp. 567. Macmillan, 10s. net.

[A series of discussions at a conference convened with the idea that the proceedings should be reported and form a book which "would help people to reason about war and peace." Discussions on: The causes and consequences of war; Modern warfare; Private war and the duel; On cruelty; Perpetual peace, or the federation of the world; A plea for arbitration; The political economy of war; and Christianity and war.]

Hatch, E. F. G., M.P. *A Reproach to Civilisation*. A treatise on the Problem of the Unemployed and some suggestions for a possible solution. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 110. Waterlow, 1s. net.

Hasell's *Annual Guide to the New House of Commons*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 75. Hodder & Stoughton, 6d. net.

Mantoux, Paul. *La Révolution Industrielle au XVIIIe. Siècle*; essai sur les commencements de la grande industrie moderne au Angleterre. 10 x 6½. Paris: Publications de la Société nouvelle de librairie et d'édition; Cornély, f.10.

[This is No. IX. of the Bibliothèque de la fondation Thiers, of which we noticed No. VIII., "Mariana historien," some months ago. M. Mantoux has written a full and learned history of the growth of industry in England in the eighteenth century, from a scientific and sociological point of view; and his book also contain a very full and valuable bibliography.]

Van der Lith, P. A., and Snelleman, Joh. F. *Encyclopaedie van Nederlandsch-Indië*, met medewerking van verschillende ambtenaren, geleerden en officieren. Afl. 40 and 41. Vordingsmiddelen—Wapens der inlandsche bevolking. Each 10½ x 7½. Pp. 128. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff; Leiden: Brill.

### ORIENTAL.

The Wisdom of the East Series. *The Classics of Confucius. Book of History (Shu King)*. Rendered and compiled by W. Gorn Old. 6½ x 5. Pp. 67. Murray, 1s. net.

### PHILOSOPHY.

Thorndike, Lynn. *The Place of Magic in the Intellectual History of Europe*. Vol. xxiv, No. 1 of the Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. 10 x 6½. Pp. 110. New York: The Columbia University Press. London: King, 3s. net.

[Carries the story to the end of the Roman Empire.]

Marshall, Thomas. *Aristotle's Theory of Conduct*. 9½ x 6. Pp. 578, xxi. Unwin, 21s. net.

[A general introduction in which the purport of the Ethics is set forth, and each chapter has a special introduction and explanatory remarks. Gives a paraphrase of the text—"sometimes full, sometimes condensed, in which repeated passages are left out and some liberties are taken in the way of omission and transposition."]

Santayana, George. *The Life of Reason, or the Phases of Human Progress*. Vol. V. *Reason in Science*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 320. Constable, 5s. net.

[For reviews of former volumes of this work see the ACADEMY, June 3 and December 16, 1905.]

### POETRY.

Wiley, Sara King. *Alcestis, and other poems*. 7 x 5. Pp. 60. The Macmillan Co., 5s. net.

Frankau, Gilbert. *The X Y Z of Bridge*. Illustrated by Lance Thackeray. 7½ x 9½. Pp. 47. King, 1s. net.

[Very amusing verses setting forth the dreadful fate of the only man in the world who would not play Bridge. Illustrated with very amusing drawings.]

*The Poems of Charles Baudelaire*, selected and translated from the French with an introductory study, by F. P. Sturm. 5½ x 4½. Pp. liii, 135. The Canterbury Poets. Walter Scott, 1s.

*Rose of My Life*. 5½ x 4. Pp. vii, 69. The Chiswick Press, 2s. 6d. net.

### POLITICAL.

Moore, Harold, E. *Our Heritage in the Land*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 136. King, 1s. net.

[Recommendations for Relief of the Unemployed, Training of Emigrants and Hand Husbandry. The book is founded on three chapters in Mr. Moore's well-known "Back to the Land," with much additional information drawn from recent experience. Sir William Mather contributes an introduction and the text of the scheme to provide work on the land for the Unemployed by State aid, which he laid before the Parliamentary Committee on the Unemployed in 1895.]

Bérard, Victor. *L'Afrique Marocaine*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 457. Paris: Armand Colin, 4f.

[“Un exposé complet et impartial de l'Afrique Marocaine.” M. Bérard first describes Morocco; then gives the history of its relations with France since the sixteenth century, and proceeds to examine the Anglo-French agreement, the Franco-Spanish agreement, and the Franco-German disagreement. An admirable chapter on The Reforms concludes the volume. M. Bérard confesses that France has made great mistakes and is paying the consequences. The book is written as only a French publicist can write on such themes—brilliantly.]



Hishida, Seiji G. *The International Position of Japan as a Great Power*. Vol. xxiv, No. 3 of the Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 289. New York: The Columbia University Press. London: King, 8s. net.

["Strongly believing that what has been accomplished by Japan in the interest of civilisation is an earnest of what will be done hereafter, I have endeavoured by careful research to trace Japan's historic policy in dealing with foreign nations." Thus writes Dr. Hishida in his Preface. And he finds (laying several bogies—yellow perils and so on—by the way) that the mission of Japan is to lead other eastern nations to the light of western civilisation, without abandoning national individualism. The text of the Treaty of Portsmouth, 1905, appears as an Appendix.]

#### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Simon, D. W. *The Redemption of Man: Discussions bearing on the Atonement*. Second Edition, revised. 9 x 6. Pp. xvi, 352. Melrose, 4s. 6d. net.

[The first edition of this book was published in 1889. Professor Simon has omitted his Preface and Introduction, and has incorporated a new chapter on "Justification and the Death of Christ according to the Apostle Paul."]

A Norman Gale Treasury, selected by Albert Broadbent. 6 x 3½. Pp. 45. The Broadbent Treasures, No. 12. Manchester: Broadbent, 3d.

[Songs of Grey and Gold, Love Songs, Bird Songs, Song for Little People. No cricket songs.]

Dunbar, Paul Lawrence. *The Jest of Fate*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 268. Jarrold, n. p. [A second and cheaper edition of the novel published in 1902 by the Negro poet who died recently of consumption.]

*The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher*. Edited by Arnold Glover and A. R. Waller. In ten vols. Vol. II. 7½ x 6. Pp. 527. Cambridge English Classics. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net.

[Contains *The Elder Brother*, *The Spanish Curate*, *Wit Without Money*, *Beggars Bush*, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, *The Faithful Shepherdess*.]

*Readings in the Inferno of Dante, based upon the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, and other Authorities*. With text and literal translation by the Hon. William Warren Vernon. Introduction by Edward Moore. 2 vols. 8½ x 5½. Pp. lxxix, 1282. Methuen, 15s. net.

[First edition published in 1894; now largely rewritten.]

Palgrave's Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrics. 6½ x 4. Pp. 448. Dent. The Temple Classics. 1s. 6d. net.

[Edited by Edward Hutton. The title-page does not mention that Mr. Hutton has added a number of lyrics discovered since 1861, when the Golden Treasury was first published, lyrics by poets deceased since that date, and Spenser's "Epithalamion." The volume does not contain Palgrave's notes, nor the Index of writers with dates of birth and death, but it has a list of the poems in order. It is founded on the first edition of the Golden Treasury, and does not contain all the poems added in later editions.]

*The Works of Flavius Josephus*. Translated by William Whiston and newly edited by D. S. Margoliouth, D.Litt. 9 x 6½. Pp. xxv, 989. Routledge, 5s. net.

[Dr. Margoliouth has only altered Whiston's translation when improvement was necessary. He adds an introduction and notes, summarising the results of recent research. Whiston's notes and dissertations are omitted. The book has a good Index and is a marvel of cheap production.]

Browning, Robert. *Dramatis Personæ*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 167. Dent. The Temple Classics. 1s. 6d.

[Contains a bibliographical note by Miss Marian Edwards.]

Holyoake, George Jacob. *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*. Sixth Impression. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 320. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

Byes, John. *The Legend of St. Mark*, being Sunday morning talks to the children. Second edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 141. Alston Rivers, 1s. 6d. net.

Sidey, Rev. Arthur C. *Mnemonics in a Nutshell, or Hints on Memory Training*. Third edition, revised and enlarged. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 72. Everett, 1s. net.

["For ministers, students, teachers, elocutionists, vocalists, and general readers." A slightly enlarged edition of a common-sense book that has been found very useful.]

#### THEOLOGY.

*A Declaration on Biblical Criticism*. By 1725 Clergy of the Anglican Communion. Edited by Hubert Handley, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Camden Town, N.W., Hon. Sec. of the Committee. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 149. Black, 2s. net.

[This volume consists of the letter sent by a Committee of 101 members, including the Deans of Winchester, Durham and Ely, to every Anglican clergyman in the United Kingdom and the Colonies and abroad inviting them to sign a declaration expressing their conviction that the critical problems of the New Testament should be faced, and asking for authoritative encouragement to face them; the names of the Committee, the text of the Declaration, and the names of the 1725 (out of 32,000) who signed it, and certain subsidiary matter.]

Bain, John A. *The New Reformation: Recent Evangelical movements in the Roman Catholic Church*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 283. Religion in Literature and Life. Edinburgh: Clark, 4s. 6d. net.

Gwatkin, Henry Melville. *The Eye for Spiritual Things, and other Sermons*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 261. Edinburgh: Clark, 4s. 6d. net.

[Twenty-eight of Professor Gwatkin's sermons.]

#### TRAVEL.

Barry, Lt.-Col., J.P. *At the Gates of the East: a book of travel among historic wonderlands*. With 33 illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. xviii, 261. Longmans, 6s. net.

[A capital book: at once practical and "aesthetic." Colonel Barry, whose letters are reprinted from the *Times of India*, made two tours, Dalmatia and its Balkan hinterland in the spring, Greece and Constantinople in the autumn. Writing as a medical man, he hopes to win people from "the Cult of the Spas." His book is well illustrated from photographs and makes excellent reading. Index.]

#### THE BOOKSHELF

We have before us Part I. of Messrs. George Newnes's new *Atlas of the World's Commerce* (6d. net). To deal first with the aim and scope of the whole work, which is to be complete in twenty-two sixpenny parts published fortnightly: Its full title is "Atlas of the World's Commerce, a new series of maps with descriptive text and diagrams showing products, imports, exports, commercial conditions and economic statistics of the countries of the world, compiled from the latest official returns at the Edinburgh Geological Institute and edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E., etc." It regards the world, that is, from the merchant's point of view, as a vast commercial Exchange, and the complete work will be a key to the merchandise of the world—a summary of its material resources. The text will consist of the following articles: Economic Geography; The Commodities of Commerce; Development of New Lands; Principal Travel Routes; Statistical Tables, etc.; and, at the end, a Commercial Gazetteer of Countries and Seaports. The plates and diagrams, of which there will be more than one thousand, nearly all new, fall into seven divisions: General Physical, Political and Economic Aspects; Communication and Transport; Regional Maps; Distribution of Food Products; Distribution of Textile Materials, etc.; Distribution of Mineral Products; and Miscellaneous Products. Part I. contains the first four pages [Abaca—Blue] of Mr. W. A. Taylor's "Description and Geographical Distribution of the Principal Commodities of Commerce," which is really a dictionary, illustrated with diagrams, of all that is bought and sold all the world over; and sheets 61–64, "Wheat," and 85–89 "Coffee." The system is in both sets the same. First comes a General Summary; then a coloured diagram showing at a glance the development in the world's production of wheat from 1891 to 1902 stated in millions of bushels, and of coffee from 1832 to 1903. Then we have coloured diagrams showing the total annual production of wheat (average for years 1901–3) all over the world, and of coffee (average for years 1900–1902). Turning the page we find double-page coloured maps, showing in one case the wheat-growing countries, with larger scale inset maps of England and Wales, and other important wheat-growing lands, and an important small map of wheat-importing countries; and in the case of coffee the production (red) and consumption (blue) all over the world, also with special maps of important districts. The fourth page of the sheet contains a coloured diagram of the annual average of the imports of wheat and consumption of coffee in various countries; a coloured diagram of the average consumption of wheat and of coffee per head in various countries; another of the chief sources of the British supply of wheat and of coffee, and a fourth showing the rise and fall in the market price of wheat and of coffee in England for something over a hundred years. Each diagram is accompanied by a short note.

After looking at the tables, we are not surprised to hear that Mr. Bartholomew and his coadjutors have been digging for years in Blue Books, Returns, and all other kinds of volumes and statistics, in order to put before the public, in a form that can be read at a glance, knowledge, that can only otherwise be obtained by long and exacting study. The information is absolutely clear, and has never before been collected into so handsome or so accessible a form. Recent political events in Britain have aroused the public interest enormously in questions of commerce, but it is not only a *propos* of this that the Atlas makes its appeal. It is not only a novel publication which shows the world in a new light, but an enduring reference work of essential knowledge which must continue to be consulted for information by experts, merchants, and the public alike. As to the price, no one who sees it but will wonder that it is possible to produce a work entailing so much labour and including such superb specimens of map-engraving and printing for twenty-two sixpences.

*Reynolds-Rathbone Diaries and Letters, 1753–1839*. Edited by Mrs. Eustace Greg (Constable: privately printed).—"I look upon critics at best to be but ill-natured wits," wrote Hannah Darby to her aunt in 1753. "It was not because I thought thou was a critic that I was afraid to write . . . but because I know there is a respect and awe which ought to be upon my mind when I write to one so much my superior in years and understanding; which there is, but I know too well I don't shew it much, neither in my writing nor conversation." It is largely because they "don't shew it much," but are unaffected and natural that the letters and journals of this able and delightful family must long continue to charm and perhaps to tantalise its descendants. Indirectly and with deep reserves, the volume reveals the characters of four or five ladies of the upper middle class, as rare and beautiful in mind and person as any of their day; but especially of Mrs. William Rathbone, whose diary for the years 1784–1809 is marked by much quaint if unconscious humour of expression in its too laconic record of reading, of friendship, of domestic affairs, and of public events. How exquisitely gentle is the note of rebellion against Quaker observances enshrined in the following entry: "Sunday, July 17th (1785).—This day we were blest with some showers of rain which prevented my going to meeting." A letter from Seaton in 1800 contains an irresistible description of children at the seaside: "Reba, bathed four times, and was very good, tho' she did not like it. John was pretty good the first time, only he said they knocked his nose against a rock, which made him cry; but I believe that was a mistake." One trusts it may have been. Mrs. Eustace Greg has done well to render accessible some of the memoirs of the notable Quaker families of the north, from whom she herself is descended. The whole book breathes a quiet, soothing charm, not unmingled with a shy humour; and the reflection strikes us forcibly that there are few, if any, such

women nowadays, so full of dignity, sweet reticence and restrained feeling. The book throws a good deal of interesting light on the home life and the manners and customs of the time; part of it hints at a pleasing little romance: and if there are more such papers in the editor's possession, it might be worth while to give them to the world. The book is handsomely got up, edited with taste and discretion, and well illustrated with portraits.

Some few years ago we won some real enjoyment from a little book called *Erebus*, full of delicate verse with a rather melancholy sweetness. Lyrics by the Author of *Erebus* (Mathews, 2s. 6d. net), a volume equally small, equally delicate, and more mature, shows that in the intervening years the poet has read Blake with understanding, and gained rather than lost from observing the naïve technique that sends many of its imitators into babbling monotony. These lyrics are not monotonous, but varied, to an extent that surprises, both in metres and in subjects. Sometimes the finishing is a little careless and the rhythm hesitating, but more often the verses are finely polished, and the author shows herself capable of purposeful metrical wavering, which is very difficult to accomplish without harshness, and, at the right time, full of possibilities in evoking emotion. We should like to quote the whole of "The Irish Girl" as an instance of this; but it is too long to be quoted in full, and too good not to lose in partition, so that we take this fragment instead, from a dialogue in song:

Oh come thou not a King for me,  
And a Queen's King come not, prithee,  
Nay, but a beggar hungrily,  
And a wayfarer thirstily,  
A pilgrim halting wearily.  
Yea, come an outlaw hastening  
From will-o'-wisp amid the reed  
When skies are strewn with starry seed,  
Thy cloak entangled with a briar,  
And come without a crowning deed,  
And come to me without the ring,  
That I may give thee food and mead,  
And music for thy mood's desire,  
And healing hands and hearts of fire

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